

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

VOLUME LXIX.—No. 1,016.
Price 10 Cents.

NEXT WEEK--LIFE IN AN OPIUM JOINT



"COME WITH ME, YOU MASHER!"

A WIFE, OF MEMPHIS, TENN., FINDS HER HUBBY AT A MASKED BALL IN A SWELL RESORT.



Established 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1897.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

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NEXT WEEK!

A realistic story of a night in a

NEW YORK

OPIUM JOINT.

Graphically written, and showing just what
goes on in the dens of the Chinese.
This is a continuation of the "Tales of the
Tenderloin" series.

DON'T MISS IT!

THE characters in "The Tales of the Tender-
loin" were taken from life. The series
of these stories will embrace every large city
in the Union.

HOW that London edition is booming! The
presses over there can't go fast enough
and can't print enough. Those Londoners
know a good thing when they see it.

DON'T go to a masked ball if your wife is in
the same town. If that Memphis man
had heeded this advice he would not now be
confined to his room with twin black eyes.

DON'T carry your money in your stockings,
girls, if you are going to St. Louis. There
is a judge there who is so bashful that he
turned his head away when a woman went
down in her sock for the price of her fine.

If you want to keep in touch with the pre-
liminary news of the coming fight you will
do well to get the POLICE GAZETTE every week.
You can't afford to miss it. Of course, if you
don't care anything about sports, and you
don't go out at night for fear you'll get a cold
there are plenty of other publications you
might stay home and read, but if you want to
be interested get the POLICE GAZETTE.

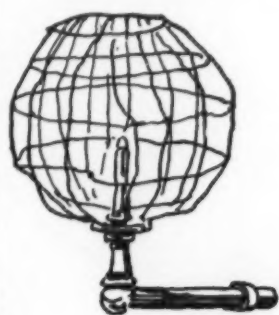
GOSSIP ABOUT THEATRE FOLK.

The Very Interesting Little Story of Babette Rodney and the Troublesome Dog She Named "Trouble."

HE WAS A WILD AND WOOLLY SCOTCH TERRIER.

Freddie Huke Doesn't Want a Mother---Marie Cahill Takes an Encore in a Wrapper ---Lizzie Raymond Tells the Story of Her Life.

Babette Rodney, of "The Lady Slavey," is my child," said Mrs. Bruce later. "When I ques-
tioned her at the theatre she was not at all impudent,
but she was cold and indifferent toward me. When I



NOTICE
CHORUS GIRLS
MUST NOT
DRINK WINE
NOR
SMOKE CIGARETTES

stage managers.
She did have such
a hobby once, but
a single indulgence
cured her. A friend
presented her with
a Scotch terrier
three weeks old
and quite amiable.
She named him
"Trouble."

Miss Rodney
says the excite-
ment began as soon
as the dog found
out what his name
was. He was stand-
ing on the sill of an
open window,
when he spied a
dog barking across
the street. To see
if Trouble knew
his name Miss
Rodney said:
"Bick him, Trou-
ble."

He jumped, fell
two stories, landed on a balcony, and for a week he
had to be nursed. One day Miss Rodney was com-
pelled to attend a rehearsal and forgot her part
and music. When she returned Trouble had eaten
the score, had gnawed the feet off a pair of silk hose
and was slowly strangling in an effort to swallow a sil-
ver dollar. To make him disgorge the money the
actress beat him on the back with her new parasol. She
broke it, and Trouble bit her. Inside of half an hour
he was given away, and Miss Rodney has cared nothing
for dogs since.

While the comedians were provoking fun
and laughter on the stage of Proctor's Twenty-third
Street Theatre, New York, the other day, an incident
that started tears took place behind the scenes.

"I am not your child; my mother is dead," said Miss
Freddie Huke, the little blonde dancer, to an elderly
woman who pleaded on her knees for her to return
home.

"Yes, Annie, your mother may be dead to you, but
you are not dead to me," replied the woman in sobbing
tones. She was Mrs. Louise Bruce, of Cleveland, O.,
who arrived in the city only a few hours before. Mrs.
Bruce insisted that the song-and-dance artist was her
daughter, who had run away from home four years ago,
when in her sixteenth year. As the girl refused to go
with her, Mrs. Bruce began habeas corpus proceedings.
"There can be no mistake about it. I am certain she

SEELEY DINNER DANCERS.

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York, though I have visited this city fifteen times be-
fore in search of her, I came to make one more tour of
the theatres."

Miss Freddie Huke was seen later and said:
"I was born in St. Louis, Mo., and am twenty years
of age. My husband is Martin Hayden, an actor. My
family name as well as my stage name is Huke. My
father is still living in St. Louis, where he conducts a
basket factory, but my mother died eight years ago. I
got letters from my father right along, receiving one
no later than last Christmas. It is simply a case of
mistaken identity with this woman, and I am sorry for
her."

It has remained for Marie Cahill to appear
on the stage and take an encore in her dressing-room
wrapper. It happened at New Orleans during a per-
formance of "The Lady Slavey." Miss Cahill had
done an acrobatic dance, and, running to the dressing-
room, had put on a wrapper. The audience was yelling
for her, and she had to go on just as she was and bow.
The wrapper made a bigger hit than the dance.

Lizzie Raymond, who has had some matri-
monial troubles of her own lately, is in Cincinnati,
where she has told a newspaper reporter the story of
her past life to the extent of a column. She made
such an impression on the reporter that he promptly
went off to his office and wrote that "Miss Raymond
appears to be a handsome young miss of eighteen
years."

How perfectly lovely!
Of course he will be her slave for life.

Blanche Walsh is an intense sufferer from
stage fright, and is never able to overcome the nerv-
ousness attendant upon a first night's performance.

"Some people take liquor to give themselves courage
at opening performances," said Miss Walsh. "It is a
great mistake, as the reaction is often fatal to the latter
end of the play. Amy Fawcett, a distinguished
English actress, sent for some brandy the opening
night of a new play. They brought her a tumblerful
and she swallowed it without know-
ing what she was doing. Twenty
minutes later she sank upon the
stage in a state of hopeless inebriety.
The curtain was rung down, and the
stage manager informed the audi-
ence that Miss Fawcett was too
drunk to play. She was afterwards
engaged by Augustin Daly as lead-
ing woman in his New York theatre.
When she made her first entrance
she stumbled over a brace and fell.
Those who heard of the London inci-
dent said she was drunk again, and
the reports so grieved her that she
resigned from the company and soon
after died in poverty."

The familiar figure of Edith
Kenward is again to be seen on upper
Broadway. Shortly after her great
hit as the Kangaroo dancer in "Dr.
Bill," Miss Kenward returned to
England, her native country, where
she has been devoting herself to
"The Gaiety Girl" and lecturing on
stage topics between appearances.

Now she is with us again,
prepared to enlist under the
banner of whosoever may
desire her services.

Strange how the girls who
make a hit drop out of
sight afterwards. There may
be a reason for this. If there
is, I would like to know.

I know a married couple on the
variety stage who were married on the 29th
of February, and the day of the wedding she
said to her new hubby:

"I don't like this being married on the 29th
as it will be four years before we have an an-
niversary."

"My goodness," said the better half, "how
long do you think we are going to stay mar-
ried?"

Again!

Miss May Lavigne, who has a nice, little
cozy part in "The Girl From Paris," now at
the Herald Square Theatre, owned some fine
jewelry. It doesn't make any difference
where she put it. When she went on the
stage the other night she handed to the
prompter—who is an honest man, thank God!

—a chain purse which contained three diamond rings,
a diamond and emerald ring, a diamond locket and
chain and a gold watch. The bunch was worth \$900.

The prompter gave them back to her later, but when
she reached her dressing-room she couldn't find them,
and they didn't wear wings, either.

"A Night in New York" with jolly Nellie
McHenry, whom everybody knows and admires as
the Peerless Pert, the dashing vaudeville artist, and
Mlle. Henrietta, a demure country maiden, is the
attraction at the People's Theatre this week. New
music, new specialties and an all-round clever com-
pany are promised. For Jolly Nellie no recommendation
is needed. All know her as the brightest, cleverest,
jolliest comedienne now before the American public.
The novelty of "A Night in New York" is the second
act, which is a beautiful reproduction of the interior of
Madison Square Garden, showing the French ball at
its height with all its gaiety and beautiful costumes.
The well-selected company includes John Webster,
Charles Morrison, Charles Eastwood, Miss Henrietta
Lee, Miss Fanny Brooks, Miss Viola Raymore, La Petite
Rosa and others.

Mae Lowery made a great hit at the Star
Theatre last week singing "Molly Praeger."

A GAY GIRL IN PARIS.

"Pauline's Caprice," No. 5, FOX'S SENSATIONAL RE-
LIES. One of Zola's best stories. Elegantly illustrated.
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"Say, what do you think of this? Pretty
soon they'll be wanting us to show
our marriage certificates!"

asked her to return home with me and bring her hus-
band with her she only protested all the more forcibly
that she was not my child. Then I said that I could
prove that she was my daughter by birthmarks on her
body, but she declined to submit to an examination in
her dressing-room. I am certain, however, that when
the case comes up in court the fact will be disclosed
that she is my child. My husband, Albert Bruce, died
two years ago, leaving a large estate which would be
Annie's inheritance; besides she has two uncles who
are well-to-do. Their name is Sargent and they live on
Prospect street, in Cleveland. They are engaged in
lake transportation. Annie ran away four years ago.
She was always stage-struck. During the years of her
absence I have heard from her indirectly, but she
never wrote to me. Learning that she was in New

TALES OF THE TENDERLOIN.

**"Diamond Aggie" Tells Her Old Admirer How She Came to Lose
by Death the Only Legal Husband She Ever Had.**

HE WAS CRACKED ON THE HEAD WITH A BOTTLE.

**How it Was That Her Last Earnest Attempt to Reform Was a Miserable Failure
Because Fate Was Against Her in the Selection of a Hotel.**

Aggie puffed at her cigarette a long while before she resumed the thread of her story.

"The next morning," she said, "when I woke up, I didn't know whether I was sorry or not. The kid and I had breakfast together and then I began to feel better about it.

"About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a solemn-looking old fellow came around and asked me if the boy was with me. Of course I said no. I asked him who he was and he said he was the old man's butler; that the boy hadn't been home all night; that they had found a note in his room saying that he had run away with the girl he loved, and that he was never coming back unless he could bring her back as his wife. I sent the man away and then I went and told the kid. Talk about love. I was as much in love with him as though it was my first affair. He spoke of marrying me, but I didn't ask for anything like that from him, but he insisted on it, so about 4 o'clock that afternoon we got a coupe and drove to a minister's house, where I received the right to one of the best-known names in New York.

"The next day we concluded to leave town. He said he didn't want me to stay where I would meet any of the old crowd and so I sold everything in sight except my diamonds and we left for Chicago with a good-sized bank roll. We were right in line, all right, and we boarded at the Auditorium. I had no more thought of going back to the old life than I have now of heaven, and I spent there the happiest year of my life.

"But the money didn't hold out. That caused the trouble, and so I went out to look around. There were three or four 'good things' around the hotel, but I didn't want to bother with them because it was too near home. It was never any trouble for me to make money, and I made it there easy, but I got reckless, and one night another girl and myself went to the room of a couple of old 'Frisco fellows in the hotel for a little dinner. I sent the kid to the theatre, so as to get him out of the way, and up we went.

"We were having a pretty fast time and had been doing the couchee-couchee for them when there came a knock at the door. One of the men opened it and in dashed the kid.

"He had found the note making the date in our room.

"He was white as marble. He stood by the door like a graven image and, pointing at me, said:

"I want you to come with me right away."

"Don't get so excited," I said. "Go down and I'll come in a few minutes."

"I stood in the corner holding a rug over me.

"Come down now," he said.

"Leave her alone," spoke up one of the men. "You've got no right in this room, anyway. Get out of here!"

"I have come for my wife," said the kid, "and I am going to take her with me."

"Your wife nothing," said the old fellow. "She's my wife as long as I pay for her, and he laughed.

"Then that kid jumped for him. He grabbed him by the neck and pulled him down to the floor, as if he had been a bundle of paper instead of a man. He smashed him right and left, and it looked as if he was going to kill him. I think he was. As for me, I couldn't move.

"Then suddenly the other man grabbed a wine bottle off the table and smashed the kid on the head with it, and the poor little fellow went down without saying a word.

"Then it seemed as if life came to me. I sprang out just as I was and went over to the kid. He was unconscious. I got some water and wet his face, and cried to the other girl to get a doctor. Then a whole crowd of people came into the room, and among them was a doctor. He examined the boy, but didn't say a word. Then they carried him downstairs to our room."

Aggie paused, and her head sank down on the table; the cigarette slipped from between her fingers to the floor, and her form became convulsed with sobs. A look of pity came upon the face of the man, but he said not a word. In a moment she straightened up and gave her head a defiant toss, but her eyes were red from scalding tears and it was some moments before she could sufficiently control her voice to speak.

"He never spoke again," she said, while her lips quivered painfully.

"For three days he lay unconscious on the bed, and I sold almost everything I had to bring doctors to him. And then at the end of the third day my husband died."

She stood up and placing both hands upon the table, leaned forward until she looked into the eyes of the man who was listening to her.

"I said," she repeated, as she emphasized every word, "I said my husband died. He was my husband, and I consider that I am responsible for his death. Because I have thought so I have become what I am. Do you think I could ever fall so low as this without a good cause? Not every night since then, except when I have been made stupid by drink, I have seen his face. Not a smiling, boyish face, but a cold, hard, white face, with glaring eyes, and I have tried to forget it, but I can't. I shall never love anyone again, but I will like you if you will take me out of this life into which I have fallen. I will owe you a debt—that of gratitude—which I can never repay."

"Another drink? No. Not to-night. Come, I am ready."

Together they arose and together they went out into the cold night. The swirling snow was putting the city under a white blanket and the ruddy-cheeked people on the streets were merry. The man and woman walked up the long alley-like street until they were once again in the glare of the heart.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Where? Nowhere! I emigrate and travel like a bird of prey. I have been living where men go. I have not slept under the same roof for two consecutive nights in six months. I am breaking a record." She laughed, but it wasn't a joyous laugh. It was a bitter one.

"Well then," he said, "you had better go to a hotel to-night and to-morrow you can take your time looking for an apartment. Here is money and here is my card. When you are settled send me your address. All I ask of you is, understand, that you shake the old crowd, and that you stop drinking. You have promised me. Keep your word."

He held his hand up to the driver of a hansom cab, who immediately pulled up to the curb. He helped the woman in, gave the man the name of a hotel, then said:

"Good night, Aggie. Remember."

Then he was left standing alone in the glare.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if she'll keep straight."

And the woman in the cab riding up the brilliantly lighted street was wondering the same thing.

In one hand she held a roll of bills and his card, and the other hand was feeling around nervously in the bosom of her dress. At last it encountered what it was looking for—a gold locket, fastened with a bit of string. She brought it forth, opened it by the shifty, uncertain light, and tried to see the features of the portrait it contained.

"Poor Kid," she murmured. "They're talking about us yet."

The cab stopped with a jerk and she hastily returned the locket to her bosom and alighted. She passed in

the ladies' entrance of the hotel, registered and was shown to a room. It was a cheerful, comfortable room with a grate fire burning merrily away, and as soon as the gas was lighted she sat down in a low chair before the blaze. From the room adjoining came a sound of laughter, of clinking glasses. A woman sang a suggestive little song, and the men applauded. She recognized the woman's voice. It was one of the girls whom she had known in the old days. She tried not to listen, but the sounds came back to her plainer than ever.

She resolutely turned away and began to undress. When she had finished she turned down the light and crept into bed. Every sound from that other room came to her with startling distinctness, but she resolutely closed her eyes.

Suddenly a voice louder than the rest spoke out:

"You're a pretty rapid kid, you are. Some day you'll be marrying a 'Diamond Aggie,' like your brother did, and then we'll see your finish."

"I guess I can take care of myself," came the answer.

The woman in the bed began to cry softly, and presently she arose, lighted the gas and began to dress with nervous haste. As soon as she had finished she went out into the hall and knocked at the door of the room from whence the sounds came.

"Come in," shrieked a drunken woman's voice, "Come in."

Aggie turned the knob, opened the door and entered. She paused irresolutely and looked around. A youth, whose face resembled the picture in the locket she wore, was sitting on the lap of a big, handsome brunette, neck and was taking a puff for him. A man and two at a table, drinking wine. One of the women, but out:

"What the—," began one of the others called

"Why, it's 'Diamond

Aggie walked over to the

"You had better go

"What for?" he hic.

"Because this is no place

"What do you know

"I know enough for

"What's the matter

the girl upon whose lap

"Have you suddenly turn-

"Perhaps I have. But I

married your brother and

women to the boy. "Take

where he is."

feet.

Aggie?" he asked. He be-

"Yes," she answered.

brother!"

appealingly to him, but he

"People say you killed

murderess. Where is he?

he went on excitedly, as he

her. "You ought to be

he was buried? How did

tions at her in a volley.

seized her by the wrist. "There'll be trouble here in a minute, and we'll all have some of it," said the other man

to one of the girls. "You pull the kid away and I'll get the girl out." He forced Aggie out into the hallway.

"Be quiet now," he said to her. "Go away like a good girl and don't break up a nice, little family party." He pushed her along the corridor and she went into the room and threw herself down on the bed and wept convulsively.

The woman who went in with a pass key the next day at noon found the dead body of a woman on the bed. She ran downstairs shrieking and alarmed half the house. The clerk promptly sent for a policeman, who in turn went up and examined the apartment. The only thing he found was a brief note. It read:

"Tom:—What is the use? It's no good trying.

No one ever found out who Tom was.

THE END.

WHITECAPS SHOT DOWN.

Kentucky Mountaineers Get the Best of the Regulators.

A bunch of Kentucky mountaineer men near Albany, Ky., stood off a band of whitecaps the other day and killed one of them. The news was brought into town by a peddler named Hoffman.

He says he had been on the mountain selling spectacles, and had stopped at the farmhouse of a man named Gage over night, at which place he remained until the following afternoon, when six mounted men rode up to the yard fence in front of the house, tore the fence down and rode into the yard and began to quarrel.

Two of the men dismounted and engaged in a fistfight, when one of them drew a pistol and shot John Porter to death.

The dead man was dragged by the arms onto the porch of the farmhouse and a blanket thrown over him.

The remaining five were then ordered off the premises; four of them obeyed, but the other refused and began cursing the farmer's son, young Gage.

Young Gage walked into the house, returning with a double-barrel shotgun and fired the burly mountaineer full of buckshot.

The second dead man was also dragged by the father and son to the porch and laid beside the other who had been killed.

The peddler says everything was quiet from that on. He remained over night, leaving soon next morning, and says the dead bodies of the two men were left lying on the porch.

Hoffman says he never had such an experience before, and has said far-well to the Cumberland mountains.

"THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD."

This is what a boy in Philadelphia says about *Young Sports*, the leading juvenile weekly of America, bar none. His letter was received at the office of the Young Sports Publishing Co., this week.

Philadelphia, Jan. 18, 1897.

Young Sports Publishing Co.:

Gentlemen—I have read *Young Sports* from the first copy, and think it the best paper for boys in the world. Its stories and illustrations are far superior to those in any other juvenile paper which has come under my notice, and I heartily recommend it to my friends. I have read over your list of prizes with a great deal of interest, and with the winners they carry I often wonder how it is possible for a juvenile weekly to give away so much to its readers. I have induced several of my friends to send for the Christmas number, and all of them are pleased with it. I have loaned my Christmas number to a boy, and with this I send an application for a sample copy, and if you can send me No. 26 I would be very much obliged. Thanking you, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ROSE BURKE PUNCHES A RIVAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a four-cornered fight near the People's Theatre, Pittsburgh, the other night, in which Rose Burke, the bag puncher, and her husband, Jack, who is an actor, punched a rival whom they accused of stealing their professional business. There was a hot time for a few minutes.

NEXT WEEK I LIVE IN AN OPIUM JOINT.
Illustrated. Don't fail to read how men and women act while under the influence of this stupefying Chinese drug.



"We Were Having a Fast Time, and I Was Doing
the Coucher-Coucher for the Old Guys."



FLORENCE EDWARDS AND BESSIE GORDON.
TWO OF THE MOST POPULAR AND SHAPELY BURLESQUE LADIES IN THE BUSINESS.



AMAZONS JAB AND PUNCH.

TWO BEAUTIES OF MENDOTA, ILL., WHO WERE RIVALS, FIGHT IT OUT IN FRONT OF THE POST-OFFICE.



ROSE BURKE PUNCHES A RIVAL.

THE FAIR BAG-PUNCHER AND HER HUSBAND, AN ACTOR, TACKLE A RIVAL TEAM AT PITTSBURG, PA.

BANDIT TAYLOR'S PLUNGE TO DEATH.

Prison Doors Were Yawning for Him and He Concluded He Would
Rather Die Than Suffer for His Many Crimes.

WAVED A LAST FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

Then He Dropped Beneath the Freezing River Water and There Was One Robber
Less to Be Put On Trial Before the Court at Pomeroy, O.

At last the Evans gang of highwaymen, assassins and burglars, which has infested Meigs and Gallia counties, Ohio, is about exterminated, and Harry Wines, who was one of the first to be placed on trial in the court house at Pomeroy, O., was found guilty. On the witness stand young Hysell, one of the desperadoes who had turned state's evidence, had graphically detailed all of the operations of the men, throwing light upon many mysterious robberies of the past in the two counties.

While the final links in the chain of evidence which meant an extermination of the bandits was being forged, Asa Taylor, another member of the band, was lying at the bottom of the river, where he had sought death rather than face the inevitable consequences of his acts. After listening to the evidence in the first case, he told his mother he would die rather than go to the penitentiary.

And so he made one of the most dramatic events of the day, and by his death created a most tremendous sensation throughout the county.

He arose very early in the morning, dressed himself with unusual care, and started out of the house for the river, which is not far from where he lived. His mother, seeing his going away, at once came to the conclusion that there was something wrong, and she ran after him. By the time she had reached the bank of the river he had already waded deliberately in and was up to his arm pits in the freezing element.

"Come back, Asa. Come back, for God's sake," she cried.

He calmly turned about and waving her a last goodbye plunged his head in the water and sank to death. His body has not yet been found.

Evans, the leader of the gang, is now a fugitive from justice in Mexico, or possibly Cuba. Charles Butcher has been placed on trial, and in turn the other members of the gang will come before the bar.

Charles Hysell, who confessed and made it possible for the authorities to convict Wines, and furnished evidence with which to convict the others, has surprised even the authorities, who feared that he would never live to give evidence.

Since he confessed there have been repeated efforts made by his comrades to kill him. He has been shot at, attempts have been made to stab him, but still he has lived to give the damning evidence. Arthur Pierce, who is now in jail, also fell under the ban of the robbers, and several bullets in his body testify to the ruffians' attempts to escape conviction by killing the man who, they feared, would send them to the penitentiary or the gallows.

The history of the Evans gang or gangs of robbers, as detailed by Charles Hysell on the witness stand, reads like a tale from fiction. Gallia county, in the vicinity of Middleport, is peopled by wealthy farmers, and among them lived Albert Evans, who, up to within a year ago, was considered respectable. He had a fondness for fine horses, and became a frequenter of the race tracks, which soon led to his funds being exhausted.

It was then, Charles Hysell testified, that he conceived the idea of forming the thugs of that section into an organization of robbers. He planned to have several bands, of which he would be the general director, but that none of the gangs would know of the others' existence. He planned in this way to build up his lost fortunes.

Hysell said that the first band organized had Evans as a captain, and that his son was treasurer. The second was also in command of Evans, with "Hog-Eye" Grayson as lieutenant and treasurer, and about all that is known of this one is that it existed and "Hog-Eye" skipped out with the funds when Evans was arrested.

Hysell was a coal digger, and swore that he was approached by Evans with the promise that he could make more in a night in a business he could put him into than he could by digging coal for a month. He was then sworn into the band or group, which, he said, consisted of Fred Nelson, Charles Butcher and Asa and John Taylor, in addition to those mentioned.

After Hysell got into the band he said the first man robbed was Asa Bradbury. They next landed a young man named Bert Boice. Next came old man Rothgeb, near Cheshire, whose pocketbook and valuables went into the common treasury.

Then a more extensive campaign was planned. They made a tour of about twenty miles to Tepper's Plains, where T. J. Green was knocked down and robbed and Peter Plarr's house was broken into and many valuables stolen. This was done to throw suspicion off the Glory's Run locality and to make people think the band was not located in this neighborhood.

This expedition lasted three days, and there were four of them on the trip, but they had a lady's bicycle with them, which was a novelty in that region, and which led up to their detection and the arrest of Wines.

On the night of July 3 the band reaped a good harvest. They held up John Priodé almost in his own yard and relieved him of a large sum of money. A young man named Bush was relieved of his summer's

earnings the same night, and other fellows lost smaller sums at various places near Middleport.

Then the authorities began to trail them down. A cousin of Hysell, who had considerable influence over him, induced him to confess, and he was arrested and put in jail, where he gave away the secrets, and the entire band was captured, but Kelsem escaped. All the others except Butcher were released on bond.

It was at this time that war began on Hysell. He was repeatedly shot at, and attempts made in all sorts of ways to have him leave the country, but he refused to be scared or murdered, and escaped all the attempts on his life.

A few days before the time of trial Evans and his son disappeared, and have not been seen since, and there is no doubt that they have skipped the country and are probably in Mexico or Canada, and some seem to think they have gone to Cuba and have entered the patriot army.

One of the mysteries of the affair is—what has become of the money? Hysell says that Evans has it, and if this is the case he must have taken several thousand dollars with him



The Bandit Walked Deliberately Into the Freezing Water to His Death.

when he left the country. Arthur Pierce, who was with Hysell in one of the attempts to take his life, is in jail here awaiting his turn to testify. He has a lot of shot and several bullets in his body.

LEONAR BORCHARDT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Borchardt is known better by the name of "Oofy Gooty" than by his right cognomen, and he has just finished the sensational feat of eating thirty quails in thirty days. They were eaten in public in the barroom of the Oriental Hotel at Dallas, Tex., and there were from 300 to 500 persons present every night.

"Oofy Gooty" started out to perform this feat on the 13th day of December. The \$50 purse for which he has been eating was hung up by the management of the Oriental Hotel and there has not been a day since he started that his nightly performance has failed to draw a wonderful crowd. "Oofy" said after the performance: "I am a single man and never loved but one woman in my life. Her name is Ophelia and she lives in Frisco. She wrote me the other day: 'Oofy you eat dose thirty quail and I'll marry you.' I have won the dough and the only woman that I ever loved has promised to be 'Mrs. Oofy Gooty.'"

CHARLES MILLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Out around Ironton, O., they think pretty well of the pugilistic abilities of Charles Miller. He claims to be

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the champion of the Ohio valley and is open to meet all comers for \$1,000. He has been fighting since 1886 and has defeated, among others, Arthur Upham, whom Fitz-Immons fought in 1890. The record of Miller's fight with Upham is as follows:

"An impromptu prize fight came off Xmas night in Kentucky opposite Ironton between A. O. Upham, ex-champion middleweight of Texas, and Charley Miller, colored. The go was for a purse of \$35 and gate receipts. Terms, Upham to stop Miller in ten rounds. They went at it in true pugilistic style, Miller the aggressor from the start. In the eighth round Miller put Upham to sleep and failing to come to time Miller was declared the winner. Several hundred dollars changed hands in side bets. Miller now is ready to meet all comers, whether they be light, middle or heavy-weight."

"TOWSER."

His Specialty is Killing Rats, and He Holds a Record to Be Proud of.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

LEMONT, Ill., Jan. 19, 1897.—This city has long been noted as one of the leading sporting resorts of Illinois. Many famous sporting events have taken place here, but few of recent date have aroused as much interest as the recent rat-killing, which took place at Otzenberger's Hall, at which the mayor, most of the councilmen, some members of the school board, the chief of police and all of his force and a large concourse of people saw "Towler," the 140-pound English mastiff, kill seventy-eight large rats in just 13 minutes. The rat-pit was erected on the stage, and it was ten by fifteen feet in size. The rodents had been turned loose for some time and were completely at home when "Towler" jumped

BARBARA TIRED OF LIFE.

After Telling Her Lover to Enjoy
Himself, She Takes Poison.

SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL.

But She Was On the Downward Path,
and Her Life Became Miserable.

LEFT TWO PATHETIC LETTERS.

Barbara Groom, a beautiful girl who lived in Colusa, Cal., and who was the victim of an unhappy love affair, died by her own hand in a lodging-house on Geary street, San Francisco, the other day. Before she died, however, she wrote several letters to the man who was responsible for her condition.

After she had finished she went out and bought fifty cents worth of carbolic acid—enough to kill half a dozen ruined girls, and when she was found she was in convulsions. A doctor was hurriedly sent for, but he could do nothing for her, and she died.

Here is one of her letters:

SAN FRANCISCO.

My Own Pet:—I shall send this letter to you by the messenger boy. Keep it, Pet, for this is the last one I'll ever write to you. I'll be sure you get it now. I will take carbolic acid and end my troubles.

This world has been a perfect torment to me, no difference how I try to avoid it. You know I am crazy about you, still I don't blame you for not marrying me. Don't ever marry any one against your wishes, Pet, for you never can love them. * * * Enjoy yourself, Pet, that is my only wish. Keep away from my friend Daisy, for I don't like you to have anything to do with her. Only speak to her and treat her as a friend. * * * I suppose, Darling, when you saw me crying this morning you thought I was a big baby, but that is the feeling I have for you, and you know it, too. When you read this don't laugh and say, "She is only fooling," for I am not. I mean it; yes, every word. I have friends, but friends are not lovers. * * * Pet, if I had lived, and ever caught you talking in any way lovingly to another girl, I would have killed you and she too. * * *

Pet, I would have you go with me, but I know you can't. But now you tell me you intend to go to Mexico with those machines. I wish you will have good luck with them and don't be foolish, my own darling, and don't give up your job and trip for me. But say there is only one girl gone to make room for another one.

The writer then goes on to say that she had sent two photographs of herself, and then refers to the "time" they had Saturday night. In conclusion she says:

Joe, I shall write a letter to the Coroner and you, and that is all. I'll write you what I'll say. I won't mention your name at all, Pet, for I think too much about you for that. I am just as if getting carbolic acid. It will be a fearful death, I know, but that's nothing, Pet.

The reason I took this way was because you never loved me, so I had no desire to live. So good-by, Pet; be a good boy.

I hope when you see me I'll be dead; so this is all for you, for this time and ever. I walked patiently for your return, but never saw you, so I guess it's all off after you get this letter and read it. All my love is for you just the same. I shall ring for the messenger boy now. Good-by. Remember me forever and think what a foolish girl I was to do this.

We are parted for ever and ever. I wish you good luck. I will remember you and die thinking of my darling Joe. I have written this letter Sunday, and this evening I have \$7 and I'll blow it all in. I got 50 cents worth of carbolic acid, so I guess that will burn the insides out of me.

On the same page is written the following:
To the Coroner: I did this with my own hands because I am tired of living. I took 50 cents worth of carbolic acid for I rather die than live. As ever your own broken-hearted and true B.
Another letter was found which read as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO.

My Own Pet: This life has been a perfect torment to me; no difference how I tried to avoid worrying; but I can't help it. To-night I am going out for the last time. If any one ever asks for me, such as Mr. —, tell him I was crazy, Pet.

My own darling, when we meet on the beautiful shore we both shall join hands and think of the happy day we met, and of the happy time we had together as lovers do; but first I was taken away and then your time came.

JOHN WHITMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Under the name of "Ajax" John Whitman gained considerable fame a few years ago as a freight-car pusher, teeth lifter and all-around strong man. He was recently appointed on the Metropolitan police force of New York city and as a "bicycle cop" is doing heroic deeds in stopping runaways, rounding up "scorchers" and lots of other things that fall to the lot of a mounted policeman. Whitman is an efficient officer and if deeds count for anything will soon earn promotion.

OTTO SIELAFF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Otto Sielaff, of Chicago, claims to have fought twenty-one amateur boxing contests in Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Cleveland, out of which he only lost one. He is only twenty-one years old and intends coming East in search of some semi-professional antagonist. Among those whom he has defeated are Jack Lawson, of Chicago, in 6 rounds; George McCarthy, 1 round; Andy Green, of Decatur, Ill., 13 rounds. He is trying to get a match with Jack Hammond, of Detroit.

SPICY, ORIGINAL.

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LOVE-SICK YOUTH SHOOTS HIS GIRL.

Then He Sent a Harmless Little Bullet Into His Own Chubby
Cheek, So That He Might Die With Her.

BUT NEITHER OF THEM WAS VERY BADLY INJURED.

Flaxen-Haired Charley Smith, of Kansas City, Mo., Found a Rival Making Love
to Bessie, So He Pulled His Popgun and Made Him Run.

It is one of the oft-repeated tales of a love-sick youth so torn with his emotions that he could think of nothing but a pistol for himself and the girl he loved. But in this case, luckily enough, his aim was not true, and now he is in jail at Kansas City with a little bullet wound in his cheek, while the girl has a bullet in about the same location. The shooting took place in the doorway of a grocery store on Genesee street, and after it was all over and the flaxen-haired youth had been removed to the hospital the following letter was found in his pocket:

The reason I done this deed is because she come to me with tears in her eyes wanting me to take her. I said I would, and when the time come to leave she would not go. She said she did not want to marry that long gander. She said she loved me and wanted me. Her mother is the cause of this all. I told the girl I would take her when the time come for her to leave. She would not go. This is the second and last time for her to do it. Good-bye. C. H. S.

"That long gander" referred to was the rival of Smith, the youth who did the shooting, and to whom she had transferred her affections. It was about six months ago that Smith and the girl, whose name is Bessie, became lovers. He took her to dances and theatres and he spent considerable money on her. She seemed to like him and there was talk of a wedding until one day he lost his place. When his money was gone the girl's mother turned against him and refused to allow him to have anything to do with her daughter.

Then Bessie took up with another fellow and Smith's heart was broken. He dogged her footsteps and begged her to take him back again and she often promised that she would, but she never kept her word. One day Smith heard that she was engaged to Walker, the hated rival. He saw her and she said she didn't want to marry Walker and she promised she would marry him if he would go to work. Things drifted along for about a week and the other evening Bessie was left to look after her father's grocery store. Walker dropped in to keep her company. They sat in the rear of the store talking, and from where they sat they saw Smith walk slowly past twice. After awhile he came in to where they were.

"You're a fool to marry this girl," he said to Walker, "because she loves me."
"You're a liar! Now get out of here," said Walker, and he stood up and motioned toward the door. Smith pulled a little .32-caliber nickel-plated revolver from his overcoat pocket, pointed it at Walker and said:

"If you touch me, I'll shoot."
Then Walker chased himself over a lot of barrels to get out of the way.

Bessie fainting when she saw the revolver, but in a moment she revived, and then Smith had his revolver in his pocket. Bessie rushed at him and pushed him to the door and out on the street and ordered him away. While she stood in the doorway Smith pulled his revolver again and shot twice at her. One bullet missed her. The other struck her in the left cheek near the nose, went beneath the cheek bone and lodged in the bone in front of the ear. She fell backward on the floor. Smith ran north a few steps, put the pistol to his face, fired and missed and fired again and hit his right cheek near the nose. The bullet went through the flesh and came out near his eye. He fell in a collapsed heap on the sidewalk. He was carried into a drug store and laid on a cot in the rear. The boy was not dangerously hurt, but was scared almost to death. He shook till his teeth rattled. He groaned and declared that he was bleeding to death. "Oh, I wish I was dead," he said over and over again, and when a doctor came and said he was not hurt badly he groaned: "Oh, if I get out of this I will never do it again."

The police ambulance came and took him to police headquarters, and after the wound was dressed he was locked in a cell.

When Bessie was shot a street car was standing in front of the store. The conductor and the gripman ran in and helped Walker pick her up and carry her around into the hotel. She was put to bed and a doctor sent for. After a while she began to cry and call:

"Oh, Willie, Willie."
Her mother ran out for Walker and he went into Bessie's room, but the sight of the blood-stained bandages was too much for him and he went to his room.

Both of the wounded ones are going to get well, and what might have been a tragedy has turned into a comedy.

HERE IS A SONG OF PRAISE.

The following letter gives a very good idea of the standing of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SHARON, Pa., Jan. 21.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: For a long term of years I have been a constant reader of the GAZETTE and it has been a source of much information and appreciated entertainment to myself and friends. At the request of a soldier friend of mine in Disapore,

India, I mail it to him regularly each week after perusal, and he is very warm in his praises of the same and frequently refers to it as the literary sunshine of the barracks. I trust it will long continue to enlighten all true sporting devotees and also extend the hope that its popular publisher may enjoy Methuselah-like longevity and unlimited prosperity. I sincerely consider that the POLICE GAZETTE, in its superior excellence, bears the same relation to sporting literature that Shakespeare's plays do to the drama.

Very Faithfully Yours,

JOHN ENGLISH,
Care Carver House, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa.

"COME HOME WITH ME, YOU MASHER!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a lively incident at a demi-monde masked ball held in Memphis, Tenn., the other night, and the gossip of that lively town are talking about it yet. The woman who made her debut in a house of ill-repute is the wife of a well-known man about town, whose mashing proclivities are more than well known. He had given her the old, old story about sitting up with a sick friend, but she happened to see the "sick friend" drive by her house shortly after hubby had gone and she at



A Jealous Lover Shoots His Girl and Puts His Rival to Flight.

once proceeded to investigate. The result was that it didn't take her

very long to locate the man who had promised to love and cherish her for all time. She managed to get into the room where her husband was drinking wine with women in tights. She was on him like a cyclone. She swung a vicious right on his ear and yelled:

"Come home with me, you nasty masher!"
She took him by the coat collar and pulled him to his feet.

In a minute he was on the street with her, and he hasn't been seen out of doors since.

HER BOODLE WAS IN HER STOCKING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A silk stocking on the limb of an audacious woman made a judge of St. Louis, Mo., blush the other morning. The stocking was the property of Lulu Blackwell, of Kansas City, the young and dashing actress who had Edward Forsyth arrested recently on a charge of stealing her diamonds and other property. When the charge of grand larceny against Forsyth was called in

WHICH OF THE TWO?

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the Court of Criminal Correction Lulu was not on hand to prosecute. The judge had an attachment issued against her, and she was brought into court. When taken before the judge he fined her \$150—the cost of the attachment. She said:

"Wait a moment, Judge, and excuse me."
Then she went to a chair, in full view of the Bench, drew up her skirts and dived down into one of her stockings, extracting a roll of bills, and paid the assessment. The display made the judge turn his head. His face reddened. A deputy sheriff told Lulu to return her money to its hiding place, saying that she must have forgotten that she was not in tights nor on the stage.

"Please don't put that money back in its hiding place until you leave the room," remonstrated the judge, and then blushed. Lulu obeyed the injunction, and disappeared with the money in her hand.

P. SENNREED.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

According to all reports, P. Sennreed is a skater with a capital S. His records are 10,000 metres in 18 minutes, 23 seconds; 5,000 metres in 9 minutes, 7 seconds; 1,500 metres in 2 minutes, 39 seconds, and 500 metres in 48 2-5 seconds. He is also a fine fancy skater and a fast bicycle rider. He is a Norwegian, but is now sojourning at Concord Junction, Mass. He is open to accept challenges from all comers.

"WHERE IS YOUR WHITE SHIRT?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"I will not marry a man who would not wear a white shirt to his own wedding," emphatically declared pretty Annie Brooks, of Oakland, Cal., the other evening, and that is the reason why Charlie Sanderson, a hardy descendant of the Norse Kings, is without a

BARRY AND KELLY DRAW.

The Clever Bantams Display
Much Skill.

EACH LOOKED A WINNER.

Barry Nearly Out in the First Round—
Kelly Groggy in the Fourteenth.

A VERY LARGE ATTENDANCE.

Two little pugilistic cock sparrows buckled together in the arena of the Broadway Athletic Club, New York, last Saturday night, in one of the prettiest sparring bouts that has ever been seen in New York since the Horton law went into effect.

They were Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, and Sammy Kelly, of New York. They were scheduled to fight at 115 pounds, though Kelly was fully seven pounds heavier than his opponent, whose weight was about 110 pounds.

When the men shaped up Kelly appeared slightly the taller, and with a longer reach. Barry gave ground when the round opened, but opened the game by running in and missing with both hands. There was some long-range sparring, and then Kelly rushed in with a smashing right and left that almost carried Barry off his feet. The little fellow staggered and went reeling against the ropes, but saved himself by clinching. Kelly, on the break, continued his aggressive tactics, and Barry did not seem to be able to land on him.

In the second Barry rushed, but failed to land, Kelly ducking away. Barry went in again and landed a corking swing on Kelly's jaw that forced him to give ground. Long-range sparring followed, and then Barry went in again, landing a left on Kelly's ribs.

In the third Barry led with his left, but was short. Kelly landed on the jaw and Barry responded with a thump in the ribs. It was a very scientific bout and the spectators were kept in an uproar. When the round ended both men were sparring at long range.

The fourth opened with a rush by Kelly, who landed a light one with his left. Again Kelly went in, but was wild. On another venture Barry caught Kelly a hard rap on the ear with his right. Barry landed a corker on Kelly's ribs. A moment later Kelly responded with a hard rap on Barry's jaw. Barry came back with a swing on Kelly's kidneys, but Sammy did not seem to mind it. This round was very even, both men giving and taking with every buckle.

In the fifth Barry led and missed. He led again and landed on Kelly's wind. In the next rush both landed hard with lefts. Then both rushed together and missed. There was another buckle without avail, and then Kelly rapped his man a staggering blow with his left in the jaw. It was a corker and it was all that Barry could do to rally. The round was clearly Kelly's.

Barry opened up in the sixth with an ineffectual rush. Kelly met him with the left. Barry showed wonderful recuperative powers. He drove Kelly's head back with a straight left. Kelly came in with a hard body blow. He jarred Barry a moment later with a hot rap on the jaw. Barry jumped in with a straight left that made Kelly's nose bleed. Then both landed lefts. Again Barry came in and hurt Kelly with left and right. The round was clearly Barry's.

The seventh opened with hot rushes by Barry, in which he had much the better of it. Kelly fought back gamely and met every rush with swinging lefts. Kelly rushed and landed a left on the ribs. Then both sent in their lefts with staggering effect. It was a very pretty battle. Barry rushed and landed a hot left on the mouth. He repeated the dose a moment later, and the fight looked like Barry's.

Barry began the eighth with a right swing for the body. Kelly set himself for a rush, but before he could come in Barry rushed in with a heavy swing on the top of the head which sounded like a hand breaker. Then Kelly came in with a hot left on the jaw, and the round ended even up.

Barry led with his left in the ninth and fell short. Kelly got in a rap on Barry's ribs, and the Chicago man duplicated the blow, and each man felt the punching perceptibly.

In the tenth round and up to the thirteenth it was give and take and matters stood about even.

Both men came up fresh for the fourteenth and Barry went right at his man with both hands. Three times he rushed, landing left and right on Kelly's face. Kelly gave ground before him. Kelly seemed rather weak and gave ground all around the ring. Barry was wild, but willing, and chased his man all over the ring.

In the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth rounds there were a few rushes, but very cautious boxing.

The fighting in the twentieth and last round was very even, and the referee declared the bout a draw.

The opening bout of the night was between Jack Hannigan, of Pittsburg, and Billy O'Donnell, of Memphis. It was ten rounds at 122 pounds. O'Donnell won in the sixth round.

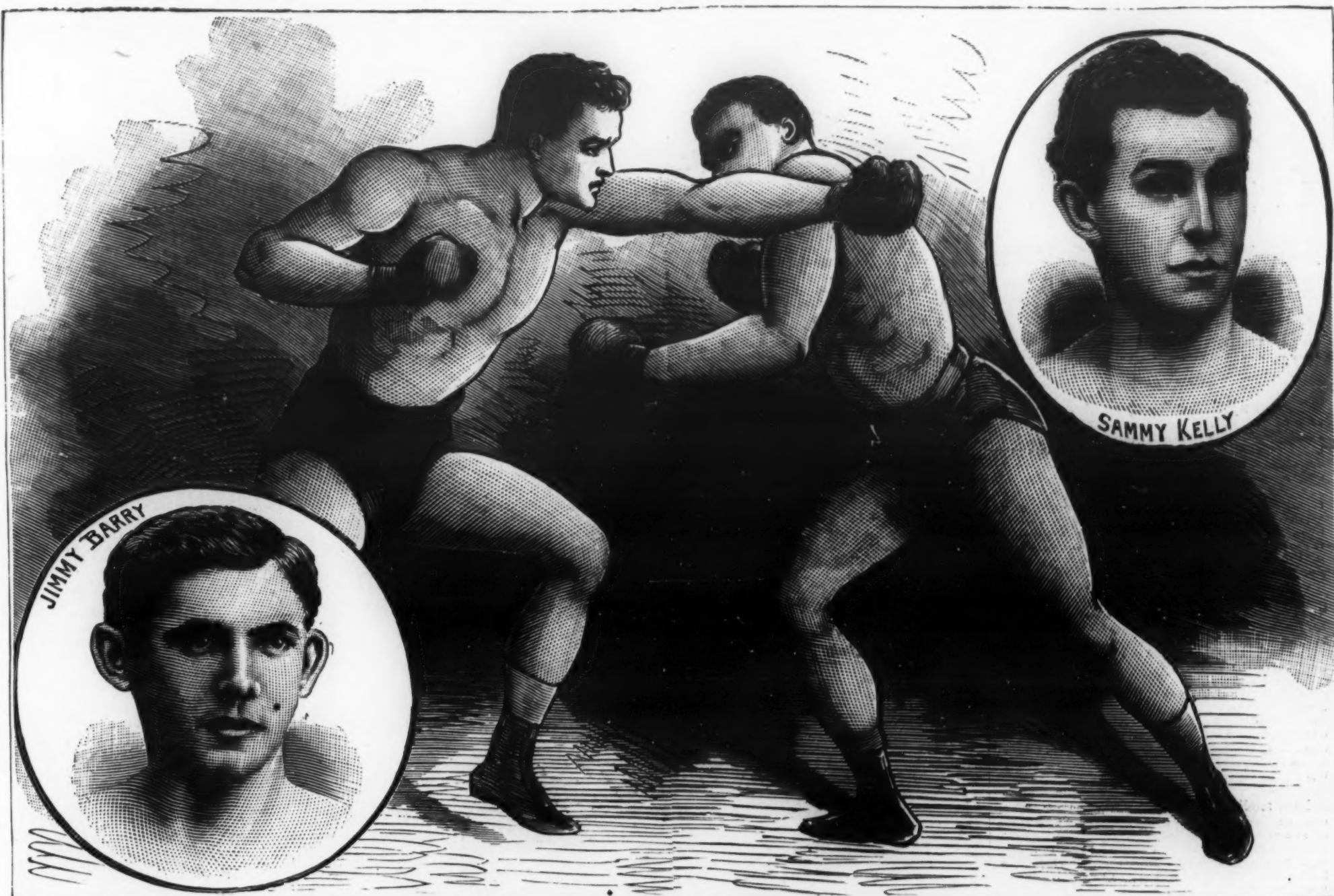
The next bout was ten rounds at 126 pounds, between London Campbell, of Pittsburg, and Jack Smith, of Norfolk. Smith quit like a cur in the second round.

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TRIED TO BREAK UP A DANCE WITH ACID.
SOPHOMORES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS ATTACK THE FRESHMEN AT URBANA, ILL.,
AND CREATE HAVOC BY THROWING CHEMICALS IN THE BALLROOM.



BARRY AND KELLY BOX AT THE BROADWAY A. C.
THE CRACK EASTERN AND WESTERN CHAMPIONS CONTEND FOR THE BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS.



"WHERE IS YOUR WHITE SHIRT?"
A GIRL OF OAKLAND, CAL., WHO REFUSED TO MARRY A MAN WHO WORE A BLUE SHIRT AT THE ALTAR.

AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Everything Promises Well For
the Big Fight Now.

MAY GIVE MAHER A CHANCE

Referee Stops Connolly and Burge After
Fighting Ten Hard Rounds.

RACE PREJUDICE IN NEW ORLEANS.

The unexpected has happened again. Instead of preparing for another visit to Mexico the sporting pilgrims who hope to witness the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair will be forced to visit the sparsely settled precincts of Carson City, Nev. I intimated as much in this column last week, but since then eventful things have happened. The Nevada Legislature, in response to public demand, hastened to consider a bill which had for its purpose the legalizing of glove contests under such restrictions that pseudo frequent occurrences of a similar nature. The bill was considered favorably in the lower house, the senate passed it on a majority vote and it went to the governor so favorably endorsed by the press and leading citizens of the State that there was no reasonable ground for supposing that he would do anything but append his signature, which he did on the afternoon of Jan. 29.

With legislative endorsement and the support of the most influential people of that section of the country there is no reason for assuming that the fight will not take place according to schedule. No opposition is anticipated for the reason that the people from whom it might have come possess the good sense to realize the benefits that will accrue to the State from the amount of world-wide prominence that will be given to it as the scene of what will in all probability be the last battle for world's championship honors to be fought.

Nevada is so situated that the people of California will have a decided advantage over us in the East in the matter of reaching the ring-side. It is easily a five-day journey from New York, but this will not deter the more enthusiastic ring followers from making the trip.

I am reading with much interest a communication from Dan Stuart which says he is anxious to arrange one other contest in which Peter Maher may be a participant. There is no doubt but that he is deserving of this consideration at Stuart's hands; but for his gaudiness and temerity in going into the ring at Laney risk, blind and almost helpless, the big Texan promoter's Mexican scheme would have ended in a fiasco resulting in a loss of public confidence in his future endeavors. Maher went to inevitable defeat and saved the day—for Stuart. The latter, therefore, is under a great obligation to the Irish champion, which he can only discharge by giving him a chance to win a fight that will place him in a position to be a challenger of the winner of the championship fight.

Sharkey, the man whom neither Corbett nor Fitzsimmons succeeded in winning from, looms up as a fit opponent for Maher. The arrangements for such a match can be easily negotiated. John Quinn, Maher's backer, told me one day last week that he had \$10,000 to back his man with, and proved the sincerity of his intention by posting \$1,000. At that time it looked as if the two men could be brought together under the auspices of a leading New York club, but Quinn likes the Nevada proposition much better.

Sharkey, I understand, is on his way East with lightweight Jack McAuliffe, who has superseded Dan Lynch in the capacity of manager. McAuliffe is a wise 'un who knows how to place a man who is anxious to make money, and it is not likely that he will hesitate long before he lands Sharkey up against the Pittsburgh Irishman.

Speaking of his coming fight with Fitzsimmons, Corbett had this to say:

"I expect to be in just as good form when I meet Fitz as on the night I fought Sullivan. I have been dieting myself and training moderately ever since I signed to fight Fitz, and my condition is tip-top now. I am just as fast as when I fought Sullivan and much stronger and a harder hitter. I have not outlined my plan of battle with the lanky fellow yet. In fact I never know just how I am going to fight a man until I face him in the ring. Then I guide myself according to the other fellow's actions. I endeavor in my attacks to take advantage of my opponent's shortcomings and usually figure to let no openings escape. I can never tell in advance what blows I am going to land, for you see it is impossible to anticipate what mistakes the other chap is going to make, or what angles he can be drawn into.

"One of the great secrets of boxing is to successfully make openings and be quick to take advantage of them. Endeavor to do this as quick as you can use the hand as the eye, and if a boxer can do this he stands a good chance of winning.

"I usually spend the greater part of the first round in feeling my man out with a view to finding out his weak points. After I have him sized up, I begin to figure on landing as often and with as much effect as possible.

"I realize that Fitzsimmons is a dangerous hitter, but I have met hard hitters before. It is not my intention to hold my jaw out and let Robert smash it at will. I think I can hit some myself, and if I don't miss my guess, Fitz will feel my glove a few times. I honestly believe that the fight will not last more than fifteen rounds.

"The story that I intend to retire from the ring is not true. I expect to retain the championship for several years yet."

Considerable attention was given to a report which appeared the other day in a local paper regarding an alleged drunken brawl in which a Brooklyn newsboy was reported to have dealt Fitzsimmons a knock-out blow. The prize fighter, in support of his intention to sue the paper containing the report for \$20,000 damages, explained the matter as follows:

"After my performance in a Brooklyn theatre last Saturday night, a crowd numbering several hundred persons gathered at the stage door, and I took refuge in a cafe across the street. Still curious to see me, they pursued me there. I fled to a rear room, then stole behind a counter and attempted to get to the street unnoticed. In leaping over the counter I fell. The crowd thus became aware of my whereabouts and I was again surrounded. Finally the proprietor took me to a room and the crowd dispersed. I am in training and had not drunk liquor."

By the way, Fitzsimmons is the cynosure of all eyes as he parades up and down Broadway in his picturesque attire, followed by an immense Newfoundland dog, which has succeeded the lion Nero in his affections.

The cable brought us the surprising information the other day that Eddie Connolly, of Boston, fought Dick Burge ten rounds to a draw at Birmingham, Eng., giving the details as follows:

The men were matched to fight twenty rounds at 144 pounds. At the end of the tenth round both men were too weak to fight any longer, and the referee declared the fight drawn.

Burge fought at 143 pounds and Connolly at 138. Burge was a strong favorite in the betting, the odds on him being 2 to 1. The fighting was vigorous from the start. Connolly set a tremendous pace, but he was stopped repeatedly by blows on the face.

After five rounds, in which the exchanges were about even, Burge

landed a crushing blow on Connolly's neck, knocking him down. The latter, however, was on his feet again in eight seconds, and Burge was just going in to finish the fight when time was called.

Connolly recovered with marvelous rapidity from the effects of the blow which had come so near knocking him out, and in the next round he landed several blows which made Burge groggy. The spectators were wild with excitement when they saw the favorite in this condition.

At the end of the ninth round both men were terribly weak, but both were game. In the middle of the tenth round the management decided to allow the fight to proceed further, and the referee therefore stopped the men.

The refusal of the management to allow the affair to proceed to a decisive point seems to me to have been unwarranted and doubtless deprived the American of a victory. I shall eagerly await the arrival of more satisfactory news from England.

Tommy Ryan, the fighter who does not like to fight and who is troubled with hysterics and a long range imagination, is quoted as saying: "If I ever meet Kid McCoy again there will be a different story to tell than there was on the occasion of our last meeting. I know that I can defeat McCoy and I would like to have a chance to prove that. If I ever do meet him it will be at the middleweight, 154, give or take two pounds. That will let him weigh nine pounds to the good, but I will concede anything to get on a fight. Another thing, and this looks like bragging, I will meet either Tom Tracy, Billy Smith or Kid Lavigne at 145 pounds, weigh in at the ringside. I will fight Tommy West, who has lately come to the front, if he weighs a ton. I will fight McCoy at the middleweight limit or any other man in the world outside of McCoy. A match with Lavigne would be the best. He said only the other day that he could defeat me, and I would like to have him make the statement good by challenging me. He is clever; so am I. He can hit hard; so can I. I weigh about five pounds more than Lavigne, but I have been giving away weight all my life, and why should he not make a concession. He conceded weight to Burge and Walcott." There is no demand to see Ryan, who is unpopular owing to his methods, fight McCoy or Lavigne. "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day" is Ryan's line of conduct, and as a talker he is the most tiresome of all his kind.

An attempt to revive interest in pugilism in New Orleans last week had a sequel that may teach the promoters of the sport a profitable lesson. All would have gone well had the two opponents been black men or white men, but Prof. John Duffy, the well-known referee of the Corbett-Sullivan fight, who it is said arranged the affair, made the mistake of putting a white man and a black man together, and this fact aroused a race prejudice which

Long and his new-found friends did not seem afraid of that in the last.

"As for the Swede, or whatever you call him, he ought to be whipped for placing himself on a nigger's level," continued Mr. Long.

The sports—the most of them Northern men—realized that in that nerry tall man there was a fighter from head to foot, and none were desirous of questioning his right to stop that which was unlawful and brutal.

And yet they say race prejudice is dying out in the South!

SAM AUSTIN.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

Andy Walsh, of Brooklyn, would like to meet Jim Butler, Jack Gorman, Charley Johnson, Jack Reid, George Clare or Jack Collyer before the club offering the best purse.

A twenty-round contest between Jack Everhardt and Jimmy Handler is to be arranged in the near future. The contest will take place before one of the New York clubs.

The battle at Paso Robles, Cal., between George F. Green (Young Corbett) and W. Lewis, champion of Southern California, resulted in Lewis being knocked out in the first half of the second round.

Peter Jackson, through a London sporting paper, makes an official announcement that he has no idea of entering the ring again as a principal. He refused all overtures for a match with Bob Armstrong.

Johanny Murphy, of Boston, has received an offer to go to London and meet "Pettit" Palmer again. Murphy expects to get a 115 pounds within a month's time. He now weighs about 152 pounds, stripped.

An agreement has been reached between Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, and Dave Sullivan, of Ireland, that the pair will box 20 rounds before the Polo A. C., New York, on Saturday, Feb. 6. They will shape it at 115 pounds.

Jack Downey, the Brooklyn featherweight, is anxious to get another chance at Frank Erne, of Buffalo, and says he can get backing for \$1,000 to meet Erne before the Broadway A. C. or any other club offering a suitable purse.

Tim Hegarty was arrested on a criminal charge, assault, at Melbourne, recently. Tim was just about to return to Victoria when he was detained by the police. Hegarty was to have visited America to box Dixon for the world's championship.

Yank Kinny, the Toledo pugilist who looks like Corbett and who escaped from the Toledo Workhouse, where he had been confined for assaulting two reporters, being recaptured in Buffalo,



John J. Mahoney, the Winner of the Bag-Punching Contest at Atlantic City, N. J.

was directly responsible for the affair being broken up in a most summary manner.

For weeks back it had been noised about the race track that Joe Green, the negro lightweight, who took part in a fatal fistic encounter some years ago, and Peterson, alias the "Terrible Swede," would have a fistic battle if secrecy was maintained and the police went uninform.

But the authorities had nothing to do with the sudden termination of the mill, for a man with respect for the white race alone drove the fighters and their supporters back to the chartered steamer that pushed it nose on the soft bank of Morgan's place, in St. Charles parish.

The ring had been pitched and hostilities proceeded well into the second round when it looked a hundred dollars to a doughnut that the negro would win. When the latter took the scratch in the third round he meant to put out his opponent in a hurry, and he banged away with right and left, and Peterson began tottering. A heavy blow on the jaw with the right and a half-arm hook on the head with the left sent Peterson to the ground almost out and bleeding.

Just then a tall man, his face red with anger, ran down the level into the centre of the impromptu ring and cried out, "This fight must be stopped."

He was Henry Long, a loyal Southerner.

"Who are you?" questioned some one. A dozen men darted to where Mr. Long was.

"Never mind who I am," shouted the gentleman. "I say this fight has got to stop, and — I mean it."

In the meantime Green, who realized that his contesting with a white man had given offense, jumped from the ring and ran like a scared deer into the woods and then to the boat. He knew that his presence was not required.

"The idea of niggers fighting white men," exclaimed Mr. Long. "Why, if that damned scoundrel would beat that white boy the niggers would never stop gloating over it, and as it is, we have enough trouble with them. I say the fight can't go on, and if anyone thinks it can let him come up."

Mr. Long meant every word he said, and in a few minutes he found dozens of supporters, who would have drawn weapons and fought with him rather than see a negro fight a white man. For a little while it looked as though there would be trouble, but Mr.

was tried the other day on the charge of escaping from the Workhouse. He was fined \$100 and costs. This will give him a total of 339 days yet to serve.

Bill Critch, of Malden, and John Dwyer, of South Boston, fought a 14-round draw at Warwick, R. I., recently. Only about two dozen Boston sports got the tip, and they were not sorry for making the journey, as they saw one of the hottest contests for a long time.

Jack Daly, the Wilmington lightweight, is anxious for a go with any of the good lightweights. Daly recently boxed McKeever six rounds in Philadelphia. Despite the fact that McKeever had at least ten pounds the best of the weight question, Daly gave him a tough argument.

When Tom O'Rourke insisted that Everhardt and Ernst should box on their merits, in New York in their recent contest after the boxers themselves had agreed that they would divide the money, and that no decision should be given, he did the most sensible thing he has done since he opened the Broadway Athletic Club. A few fake matches such as Everhardt and Ernst had agreed upon between themselves will do more to kill the interest that lovers of sport have in the game than will a score of accidents.

WOULDN'T LET THEM FIGHT.

Montreal's Mayor Prevents the Bout Between Hall and Slavin.

The ten-round boxing contest between Jim Hall and Frank Slavin, which was scheduled to take place at Sohmer Park, Montreal, Can., on Jan. 25, was declared off. J. W. Boyle, Hall's manager, applied to the courts during the afternoon for an injunction restraining the city authorities from interfering with the exhibition, but the request was refused.

Mayor Wilson Smith was opposed to the fight, and declared he would call out the entire police force to stop it if an attempt was made to carry out the programme.

JOHN J. MAHONEY.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

John J. Mahoney, who won the gold medal at the international bag-punching contest at Atlantic City, N. J., January 9, 1897, is one of the proprietors of the Quaker City Hotel, Atlantic City. He was born in Connecticut twenty-six years ago. He is an all-round athlete, handles Indian clubs and dumb-bells, and is accounted a very good boxer although he never goes into the ring. Mr. Mahoney is 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds. Socially he is genial, generous and intellectually well balanced.

OUR SPORTING ANNUAL.

Praise From Sportsmen All Over
the Country.

AN INDISPENSABLE VOLUME

Every Follower of Sport Will Find It
Instructive and Interesting.

WHAT SPORTING EDITORS SAY OF IT.

OF THE GREATEST VALUE.

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" has come to hand. Its compiler, Mr. Sam C. Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has evidently expended a vast amount of intelligent labor and original research in preparing this work, and its evident accuracy, its large scope and the very convenient form in which it is presented make it of the greatest value, not only to the sporting editor, lighting his multifarious labors, but to all interested in any kind of sport, whether he be professional, amateur or a mere looker-on in athletic diversions. If the thousand and one people who sometimes make the sporting editor's life a burden by their questions as to what so-and-so did in such-and-such a contest, what was such-and-such a record, etc., would only have thought to have invested the trifling "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" costs they would have had the information desired at first hands and at considerable saving of time to themselves, cost of transportation, composition and space. But one never thinks of that. The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1897 contains a complete sporting chronology for 1896—all athletic, aquatic, bicycle, billiard, baseball, cricket, football, yachting, pugilistic, trotting and racing statistics, prize ring champions, with their records, etc., etc. The lover of any kind of sport is not well equipped without it.—*Citizen* (Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 26).

THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE.

Sam Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has excelled himself this year in his efforts to make the "Police Gazette Annual" for 1897 thoroughly up-to-date. Nothing of importance has been omitted and the large amount of information that has been compressed into such a small volume shows great skill and judgment on the part of the compiler. The editor rejoices at the increase of international competition in sporting events and he waxes eloquent over the benefits that have accrued to lovers of athletics since the Horton bill became a law.—*New York Journal*.

COMPLETE IN ALL ITS DETAILS.

The "Police Gazette Annual." The fact that last year was replete with remarkable performances in the athletic and sporting world could not be more clearly demonstrated than by a glance over the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," just come to hand. It is complete in all its details and the records and different facts which make the year famous are presented in a concise and readable manner. There is much time, energy and research expended in its compilation and the different departments give evidence of having been prepared by an expert. The records of the ring fights are especially complete and the several illustrations are examples of genuine art. The book is certain to have a large sale.—*Times* (Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 26).

THE BOOK IS AN INVALUABLE ONE.

Sam Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has left nothing to be desired in his compilation of the "Police Gazette Almanac" for 1897. The book is an invaluable one to those who desire correct information regarding sporting events. It is filled with records, which must have required a prodigious amount of work to collate, and they are so arranged and indexed as to enable one to obtain desired information at a single glance. Aside from its intrinsic value as a book of reference, the "Annual" is artistically gotten up. It is printed on a good quality of paper and contains portraits of all the famous athletes of the day, besides pictures of prominent sporting people.—*New York Daily News*, (Jan. 27).

THE BOOK IS INDISPENSABLE.

The "Sporting Annual," published by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, is just to hand, replete with records of all branches of sport made during the year 1896. The annual for '97, besides its sporting chronology, contains a special feature in the way of a history of prize ring champions with their records, a work compiled by the well-known Sam C. Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The book is an indispensable one for those interested in athletic, aquatic, bicycle, billiards, baseball, cricket, football, yachting, pugilistic, trotting and racing statistics.—*The Call* (Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 26).

A VALUABLE REFERENCE BOOK.

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1897 is out. It contains full records in all lines of sport made during the past year, and is a very valuable reference book. Rules governing sports are to be found in it, together with numerous special features.—*Times* (Louisville, Ky.).

PACKED FULL OF GOOD THINGS.

The "Enquirer" is in receipt of the "Police Gazette Annual" for 1897, and it is a model publication of its kind. Sam Austin, the popular sporting editor of the GAZETTE, is very well known in Buffalo and was here several months ago, when Jack Everhardt and Young Griffo appeared before the Empire Athletic Club. Mr. Austin is also the fearless referee who gave Frank Erne, of this city, the decision to fight he was rightly entitled over George Dixon in their late boxing match in New York. To try to enumerate the good things in the "Annual" would take a page of *The Enquirer*. Suffice it to say that its 210 pages are packed full of all kinds of records of all kinds of sport. It is also a complete chronology of 1896 and contains all of the news of baseball, cricket, aquatic, billiards, bicycle, football, yachting, pugilistic, trotting and racing statistics. It also has handsome pictures of Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Maher, Eddie Bald and other noted athletes.—*Enquirer* (Buffalo, N. Y.).

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

Every follower of professional sport will find the "Police Gazette Annual" for 1897 both interesting and instructive. It is the most accurate and the most comprehensive sporting guide published on this side of the Atlantic. Every man who is interested in athletics, cycling, rowing, billiards, baseball, football, yachting, pugilism, trotting and racing will find the annual almost invaluable as a work of reference. If any sporting man should desire more let him turn to the lifelike reproduction of Sam C. Austin's happy countenance which adorns one of the pages, and in that alone he will feel that he has received more than his money's worth. The annual was compiled by Mr. Austin, who is sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. A glance at its contents will show that he has done his work well.—*New York Press* (Jan. 27).

COMPLETE STATISTICS

of sports of every kind up to December 31, '96 will be found in "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1897, just out. Price, 25 cents, at all news-stands or from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, N. Y., 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

HOW TO MIX FANCY DRINKS.

The very latest drinks as they are made in all first-class New York bars, with colored illustrations. In the new "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." Price 25 cents a copy, or mailed free to all bartenders and saloonkeepers sending \$1 for 13 weeks' subscription to POLICE GAZETTE. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York, 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

THEY WILL FIGHT IN NEVADA.

Legislature Enacts a Law Which Permits Corbett and Fitzsimmons to Meet in That State for the Championship.

DAN STUART WILL NOW ARRANGE THE DETAILS.

The Two Candidates for the Title Express Themselves as Being Highly Pleased At the Prospect of a Fight This Time.

Everything now points to Nevada as the scene of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight. Dan Stuart has said that the battle would not take place in Mexico, and like all knights of the green cloth, Dan is not given to telling an unnecessary untruth. With Mexico left out there is no other locality more favorable than the recently populated Nevada. Carson City, Nev., is near the California line, and only a comparatively short distance from San Francisco.

A bill legalizing prize fighting has been introduced in the Nevada Legislature, accompanied by numerous petitions. This bill has already passed both houses and awaits the signature of the Governor, and promises to speedily become a law.

The bill provides a law for the protection of such a contest upon the payment of \$1,000 license to the sheriff of the county in which it takes place.

The local press and majority of citizens were in favor of effecting legislation.

It is not apprehended that the Governor will veto the bill, as the mass of people seem to desire it. Stuart, it is pretty well understood, would rather bring off the fight there, all things being equal, than in any other locality, and has been in correspondence with local parties interested for some time, they having urged him to wait until the Legislature had acted before naming a place for the fight.

Fitzsimmons, who is now in New York, didn't evince any enthusiasm at the news that Nevada had legally countenanced the fight and that it would probably take place near Carson City.

"I am perfectly willing to box Corbett in Nevada," said Fitzsimmons, "but I fear that some obstacles may be placed in my way. As I said months ago, I am ready to go thousands of miles to meet him, and if the contest can be pulled off in this country I shall readily accept any proposition Stuart may make."

"Nevada is all right if the Governor does not take a notion to interfere with the bout. There will be nothing brutal about it. We both know how to box, and the better boxer will win. But there will be talk by reformers and all that sort of thing, and our meeting may be prevented."

"Still I am quite ready to take as many chances as Corbett does and that should satisfy him. I want about four weeks' training near the battleground, and I promise to give a good account of myself."

Fitzsimmons' hands are giving him some annoyance. He says that the injuries received were first due to his last fight with Maher, and that in the knock-out blow which he gave Sharkey he further injured them beyond repair.

Fitzsimmons confesses that the right hand was so badly broken in the blow that knocked Sharkey out that on his arrival in New York, in the latter part of December, he had from that time to January 6 to submit to three or four operations for the removal of the pus that had accumulated in the tissue surrounding the displaced and broken knuckle.

Notwithstanding this Fitzsimmons began a preliminary course of training last Wednesday. Fitzsimmons has decided to remain in New York city until he hears from Stuart about the exact location of the battleground, and has mapped out for himself a system of exercises that he will follow daily during his stay here.

He started on Wednesday morning by taking a twelve-mile run from the Bartholdi Hotel, where he is stopping, to Macombs Dam and return, skirting Central Park. After a light breakfast he toyed with the dumbbells and exercised with the wrist machine for half an hour. Dan Hickey, his sparring partner, then gave him an alcohol rub, after which Fitzsimmons dismounted as follows:

"I think it is not necessary for me to take any gymnastic work, as I have no flesh to take off, and simply desire to make my wind good and keep my muscles supple. The runs and light exercise will do that for me. I won't box or punch the bag for at least two weeks, as I want to give my sore knuckle a good rest before using it. It is all right now; the swelling has gone down and the soreness has left entirely, and I have not the slightest fear of it. It is as good as ever it was."

"I am expecting to hear from Dan Stuart soon in order to select a training place. I don't know where the fight will be decided, but it is my impression that it will be in Mexico. If it is, I shall engage the same quarters that I had for the Maher fight at Juarez, Mex."

"I don't know who will train or second me yet, as Martin Julian may be prevented from going with me because of his mother's serious illness. At the present time I weigh about 168 pounds, and I shall be only a few pounds lighter on March 17 when I enter the ring."

Corbett was in Chicago last week and continued his work as usual, visiting the gymnasium of the Chicago Athletic Association daily. He is in Kansas City this week and will close his theatrical engagement there. Charley White will join him, and they, with Jim McVey and a retinue of rubbers and attendants, will start for the battleground.

Corbett denies that he has received any definite information from Stuart about the battleground. He prefers to have the fight in Nevada.

"It will be a weight off my mind when I learn the truth," said he. "I should like to have it in Nevada, out toward my old home, but as Dan Stuart is spending so much time in the South I suppose the battle will be down there. I shall have more work to get acclimated if the South is the place."

"Fitzsimmons is talking a good deal, and with very poor excuse. It would be much more graceful if he would put up his money first. I have \$7,500 up, and he but \$2,500. Of course I do not doubt that he will make the rest of the forfeit, but he is rather slow, to say the least."

"I believe Stuart will carry out his contract and the fight will come off. When I get through with this battle I should like to buy out the St. Louis League franchise. I believe I could make a success in every way with the baseball club, if the present owners will only sell."

Speaking of the referee, he said: "I have always thought George Siler was a close friend of Fitzsimmons, and for that reason I opposed his appointment, but now that he is to be the man I am satisfied. He knows the game well, and I am sure he will do his best to be impartial."

Corbett is in splendid physical condition. His eyes have never caused him any trouble, as has been reported, and are in the best of condition. His muscles are in good shape and his exhibition with the punching bag shows that he is quick and cool as ever.

His conversation and every movement indicate that his health is perfect.

James J. Corbett the other afternoon expressed the hope that Fitzsimmons' alleged injured hand would be in good shape on March 17. Said the champion:

"I have refrained from making any talk about Fitzsimmons lately, because I really believe he intends to fight this time. Notwithstanding he has always been afraid of a meeting with me and showed it never more than by cringing whenever he was in my presence. I intend to be in first-class order on March 17, and if Fitzsimmons comes in the ring with a hand not fit to fight with I will go on with the mill with one hand tied behind my back. If he gets up a side bet of \$5,000 or more, I propose to get it and will fight under any conditions or circumstances."

The following dispatch from San Francisco corroborates the Nevada theory: For two weeks it has been known to two or three

San Francisco sporting men that Dan Stuart was doing everything in his power to bring off the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight on March 17 in Nevada. Stuart himself visited Carson City for that purpose, but he was so well known that he attracted too much attention to his plans, and he remained only long enough to look over the ground and lay the preliminary wires.

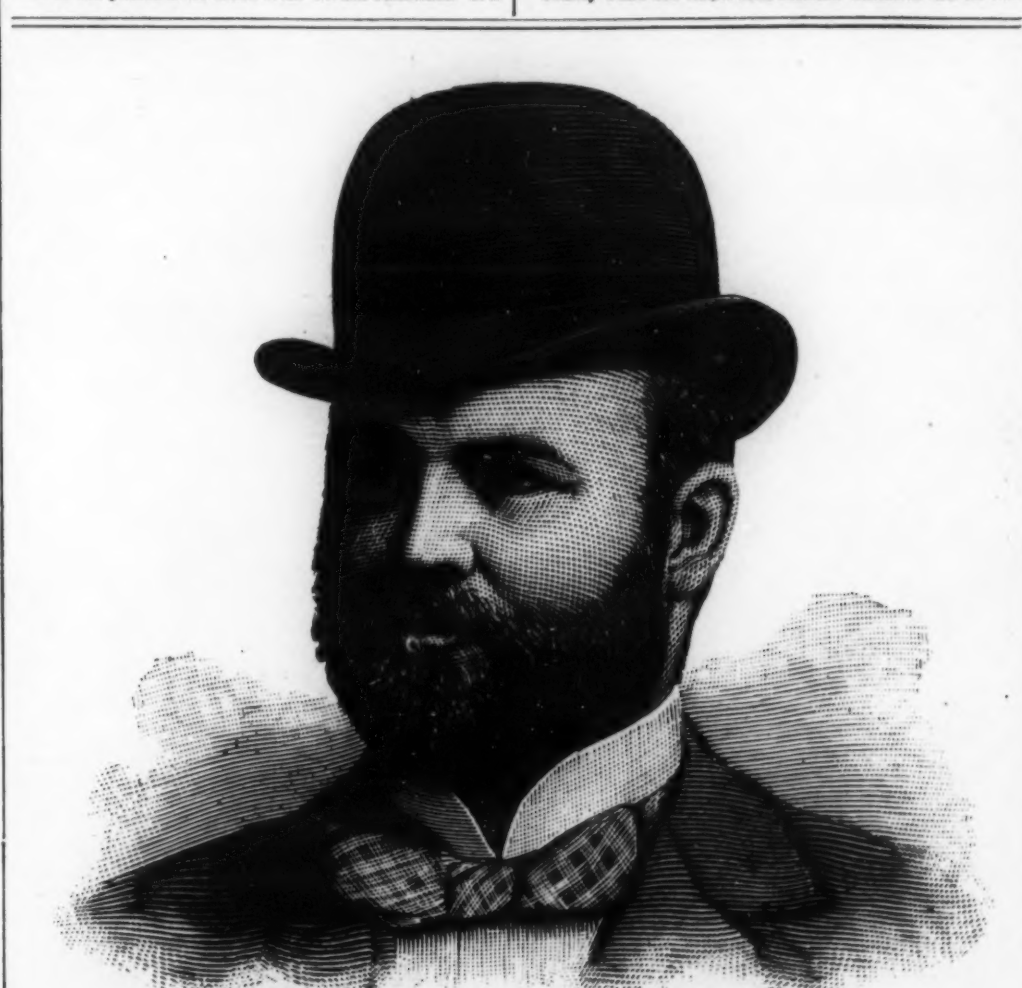
About two weeks ago a quiet individual named Wheelock, who is Stuart's private secretary, arrived in this city. He was unknown to local sporting men, and he looked like the proprietor of a general merchandise store in the country. Wheelock went from here to Carson City, and has since been working hard on Stuart's determination to have the big mill in the sage brush.

Stuart's visit to Carson has caused that town to be flooded with inquiries from newspapers from all over the country for news, but the correspondents in that close corporation have been dumb. Not a word has been permitted to go out.

Wheelock's efforts on behalf of pugilism north of the Mexican border have met with success, however, for a special bill has been presented for the consideration of Nevada's legislators.

In reference to Nevada and the big fight Stuart is quoted in a Dallas interview as saying:

"I am well pleased at the action of the Nevada authorities. It is



R. McK. Waters, Well-Known Irish Racing Official.

an evidence of a spirit of liberality toward athletic sports which I fully appreciate. It was not my original intention after going after Corbett and Fitzsimmons for a match the second time to have the meeting take place in Nevada, but as the battleground is now positively within the limits of that commonwealth I shall notify the two principals by wire to-morrow morning and go ahead with every detail necessary to successfully and satisfactorily carry out my part of the business.

"I shall now look around for one other attraction for March, and would like to have Peter Maher one of the principals in it, because of his ability as a boxer and his strong popularity with the public."

"It is my present intention to start for the scene of action within the next four or five days, and hope to have all accommodations in first-class order for handling the crowd of visitors who will be at the ringside."

"Railroad men all over the country have shown a disposition to do all possible in their line to aid in making a success of what they term 'the battle of the century.'"

"I shall try to get Al Smith, final stakeholder of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons match, to attend to the match, as he has good lines on all the eligible and desirable men in the country."

GOVERNOR SIGNS THE BILL.
He Obed the Wishes of the Majority of the People of Nevada.

CARSON, Nev., Jan. 29.—Gov. Siler signed the bill licensing glove contests at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

There was great excitement in the Senate chamber yesterday when the bill was placed on final passage. It was generally believed the night before that the bill was doomed, but members who had been against it received telegrams from all over the State urging them to pass the bill.

The business men were delighted, and there was hardly a dissenting voice except from clergy men.

SKELLY NO MATCH FOR TOMMY WHITE.
Four ten-round bouts were decided at the New York Athletic Club on Jan. 23, the principal one being that between Tommy White of Chicago, and Jack Skelly of Brooklyn. Skelly made a very poor showing against the Chicago boxer, the latter punching him when-

ever he liked. Skelly received a thorough drubbing and made very few attempts to get back at his opponent. White rushed matters in the fifth round and finally sent Skelly to the floor with two hard punches in the face and neck. Skelly was counted out.

Frank Smith of California, and Bobby Wilson of Jersey City, fought ten interesting rounds at 117 pounds. Smith appeared to be the cleverer of the two and was declared the winner.

Jack Ward of Newark met Dave Ross of Boston at 114 pounds. Ross received a good deal of punishment, and in the ninth round Ward knocked him down with a right hook under the jaw, and the Boston boy lay on his back on the floor. He was not knocked out, however, and walked from the ring a moment later.

"BEAU BRUMMEL" LEONARD WON.
At Troy, N. Y., on Jan. 30, the event of the evening was the 30-round go between Mike Leonard, of Brooklyn, the "Beau Brummel" of pugilism, and Billy Ahearn, of New York, 135 pounds. The bout lasted the 30 rounds, and was characterized by fierce fighting from start to finish. A large number of New York sports were present and loudly cheered their favorites.

In the final round the decision was awarded to Leonard amid a storm of cheers. The punishment Ahearn received seemed to have little effect on him.

PATSY HALEY BEAT AUSTIN RICE.
At the Polo Athletic Club, New York city, on Jan. 23, Billy Rochford, of Chicago, was given the decision over Jack Smith, of New York, after the sixth round. The men weighed in at 115 pounds. The final bout was one of twenty rounds, at 115 pounds, between Austin Rice, of New London, and Patsy Haley, of Buffalo. Haley got the decision after a hotly contested bout.

EVERHARDT MET A SURPRISE.

Matty Matthews, a Local Boxer, Stood Him Off for Fifteen Rounds.

That Jack Everhardt, of New Orleans, is not infallible against second-rate boxers, was demonstrated at the Union Park Athletic Club, New York, on Jan. 23, when he failed to even get a decision over Matty Matthews, a local boxer. The New Orleans man had a pull in the weights. The latter's left hand was injured in the seventh round, and he saved it during the remainder of the fight. Matthews made an excellent showing and his trainer expects great things of him.

If Jack had not hurt his hand, however, the result might have been different, as the New Orleans man was very strong up to the last round, when Matthews got in some heavy swings.

Charley White and Casper Leon seconded Matthews and the New

Orleans man had Jim Mason, Harry Black and Al Chandler behind him.

In the last round, it was give and take, with honors about even. The referee called it a draw.

"Spider" Kelly was defeated in the first bout in a ten-round fight with Fred Mayo. The fight was fast, but Mayo had Kelly safe from start to finish.

PEDLAR PALMER WON ANOTHER FIGHT.
Knocked Ernie Stanton Out in the Fifteenth Round for the Championship.

Pedlar Palmer gained a decisive victory over Ernie Stanton on Jan. 26, knocking him out in the fifteenth round. The fight took place before the National Sporting Club of London, and was for the bantamweight championship of England, a purse of \$2,500 and a side stake of \$1,500 each.

Both men were in splendid condition. Palmer led the fighting from the start. In the first round he landed three times on Stanton's face and in the third round drove a blow home on his nose, causing it to bleed. Stanton's strength enabled him to take the punishment Palmer administered to him but he did not land a single clean blow for six rounds.

The fight was in Palmer's hands throughout and at the end of the tenth round the spectators saw that Stanton had no chance of winning on his merits. The odds in favor of Palmer had at the end of the tenth round risen to 4 to 1.

In the fifteenth round Palmer knocked Stanton down twice, whereupon the referee stopped the fight and declared Palmer the winner.

Prior to the Palmer-Stanton fight there was a match between Billy Hill, known as the "Pickaninny," and Pat Daly, an American boxer. Daly was adjudged the winner on points.

TRIED TO BREAK UP THE DANCE.

A students' frolic at Urbana, Ill., in which the sophomores tried to break up a freshmen's dance will result badly for at least one girl who had chemicals thrown in her face while she was dancing with her escort in the ballroom.

LIEUT. PATRICK J. BRENNAN.

There is not a more popular man in the Fire Department of New York city than Patrick J. Brennan, assistant foreman of Engine Co. No. 26, and he is as brave as he is popular. He is an all-round athlete, a great admirer of all manly sports, and a director of the New West Side Athletic Club.

JOHNSON WAS NOT IN IT.

Jimmy Handler Wore Himself Out Punching the Minneapolis Man.

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[WITH PORTRAIT.]

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DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

M. L., —B wins.
L. T., Maquette, Ia.—No.
F. C. S., Shelby, O.—49,398.
U. S. H., Boston, Mass.—No.
G. L., Lawrence, Ia.—Four aces.
H. J. M., DuBois, Pa.—Yes; 61 rounds.
A. S., O'Fallon, Ill.—1. Give it up. 2. No.
C. J. W., Ansbordale, Mass.—Certainly not.
L. A. D., Raymond, Minn.—It is out of print.
J. P. G., Oregan, N. Y.—Yes; Goddard won.
J. G. W., McCray, Pa.—Champion of America.
L. G., Oacoeia, Ark.—McKinley carried Kentucky.
W. T. H., Hillsboro, Tex.—Powdered ruin or chalk.
—, Cairo, Ill.—McKinley carried all but Missouri.
BARKER, Oakville, Conn.—Send full name and address.
D. D., Berkeley Springs, W. Va.—Only once; 61 rounds.
T. W., St. Louis, Mo.—No. It was before he defeated Sullivan.
P. L. H., Fall River, Mass.—You can get them through this office.
J. M. W., Mercer, Wis.—Between thirty-eight and thirty-nine years.

F. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—There is no record. Don't make the attempt if you are wise.

H. B. B., Corning, N. Y.—Yes. Send full address and we will forward list of books.

F. H., Hartford, Conn.—Ten rounds. Records of all fights in "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

H. W., The Dalles, Ore.—1. Ace, king, queen, jack and ten of any suit. 2. All suits are of equal value.

J. H., Dayton, O.—Twice. The "Police Gazette Annual" would answer this, and it costs only 25 cents.

J. F. D., New York City.—Send 25 cents for "Police Gazette Annual." Take too much space to print here.

P. O' B., Chicago, Ill.—1. Navy Yard, Brooklyn. 2. No. 3. On a training ship. 4. About \$20 a month and found.

J. H. C., Oklahoma City, O. T.—There is no authentic record. Teddy Wicks is alleged to have shaved a man in 18 seconds.

J. M., Bardonia, N. Y.—Probable case of "one was afraid and the other wasn't." He is giving sparring exhibitions in England.

W. M. B., Anthony, Kan.—If that was the exact wording of the bet A loses. McKinley only carried twelve of the thirteen elections.

A. B., Ft. Huachuca, A. T.—B's hand is dead and he loses his interest in the pot. Game goes on between A and C independent of him.

FRIEND, Plymouth, Pa.—They never boxed, but Fitz was present at Madison Square Garden when Sharkey boxed with John L. Sullivan.

G. O. C., Baltimore, Md.—He evidently wants to claim the money because the fight didn't last seven rounds. You win, of course.

CAPT. A. J. W., Baltimore City, Md.—Have answered this over a hundred times since election. See back numbers of the Police Gazette.

J. McO., Medina, N. Y.—Do you mean the articles of agreement or the agreement with Dan Stuart? Neither signed the former until they were mutually agreed to.

G. A. B., Washington, D. C.—Fockham's record wouldn't stand acid. Ready fought one good fight that we know of, that was with Dick Moore recently. The decision was a draw.

S. A. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Cannot reply to this query, as Sullivan's victories in 4-round impromptu bouts against all comers while he was on the road are unrecorded. On recorded fights A loses. See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for records.

R. E. M., Maxton, N. C.—The first time they fought at New Orleans. The second time at Langtry, Mexico. Presume it's cheaper to spend two cents for a stamp than ten cents for a copy of the paper. Why don't you send \$1 for three months' subscription.

CONSTANT READER, Rutherford, N. J.—Both wrong. Sullivan and Ryan fought nine rounds at Mississippi City, Miss., February, 1882. Twenty-five cents expended for a copy of the "Police Gazette Annual," containing this information, would save you money when you bet.

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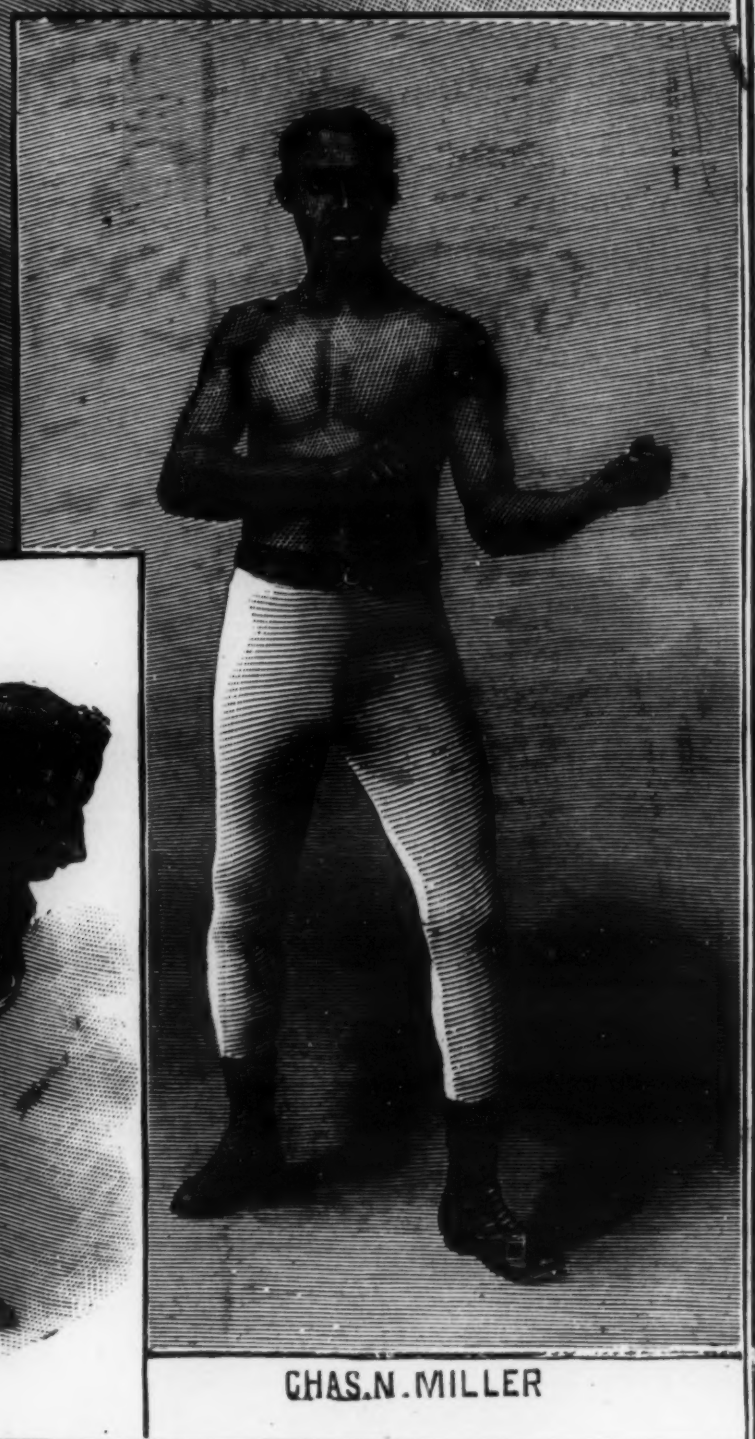
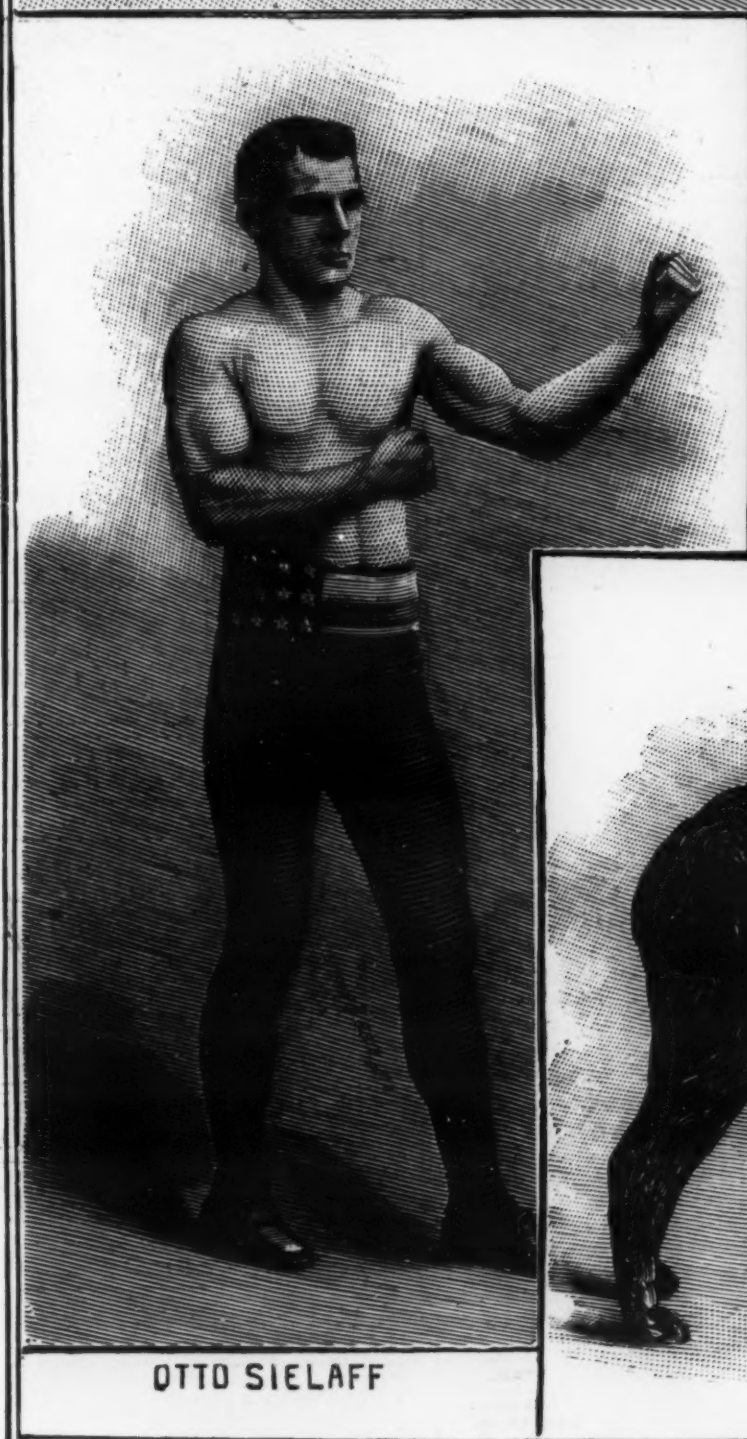
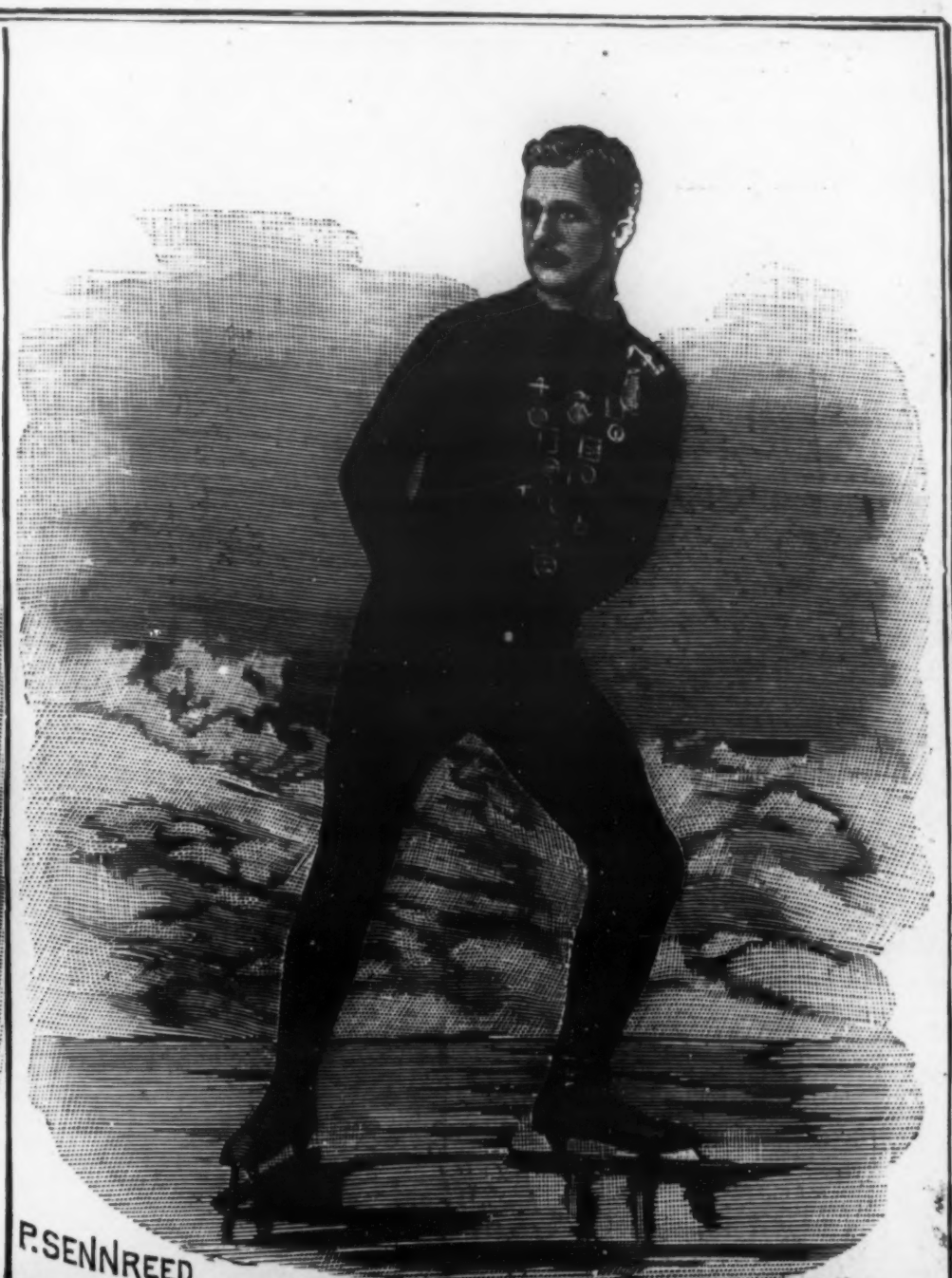
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FRECKLES, MOTH PATCHES, German, of Rosetock, Mecklenburg, Sch. Left home in 1894 and was last heard of in Pittsburg, U. S. A. His parents and brothers are very anxious to hear of him, and will gladly pay a reward of five pounds sterling for reliable news of him. Address: Fred. Maunthey, P.O. Box 172, Klerksdorf, Transvaal, South Africa.

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IN THE BOWLERS' CORNER.

News and Gossip of Interest to the Pin Knights.

No less than twenty 900-games were rolled in the late Capitol tournament, Brooklyn, and the Pin Knights rolled the 1,006 game in this series.

A match for a purse has been arranged between Tiedeman, who bears a good reputation as a bowler in Brooklyn, and Bobbi, who owns all the alleys at Steinway, L. I., for this week.

The difference between Paulsen's rolling on the Linden Grove and Fidelia teams is that on one he can choose his own position, while on the other he rolls in the position they place him in.

In the Suburban Interclub League games, Grover, of the Old Dorchester Club, and Richardson, of the Dorchester Centrals, are fighting it out for high individual honors with only a difference of one in their averages.

The tenth week in the Massachusetts tournament finds no change in the standing of the leading clubs, the Commercial and Salem teams still being tied for first place. There are twenty-four players with averages of 160 or better.

On Kahabka's alleys, Buffalo, N. Y., the Silver Stars captured both games last week from the Gardenvilles in the Buffalo Association series, the scores being 1,450-1,343 and 1,433-1,244. F. Doerfer averaged 178, the highest of the meeting.

The first series in the Interstate tournament between the Buffalo and Niagara Falls representatives proved a good thing for the Buffalo boys, they winning the four easily. The highest score made by the Niagara boys was 805, and the lowest 690.

The Alerts of Buffalo, N. Y., rolled a match series with Twin Cities, on Sloat's alleys, at North Tonawanda, N. Y., last week. Two games were contested for, which the home team captured after an interesting contest by a margin of 175 pins.

The Annex team of Brooklyn visited Canarsie Grove last week and rolled two games against the home representatives. They were outplayed at every point and the result was never in doubt. Scores, 811, 703, and 732, 668. A return series was arranged.

The Columbia Club rolled three championship games against the Montclair Athletic Club on the Hoboken, N. J., alleys last week, winning two, the odd one being captured by the Montclair team, which rolled 534, the highest game of the evening.

The Valencia Boat Club scored a double victory against the Spartan and Holzhackers teams in the New Jersey Association games on Wendi's alleys on the occasion of its last meeting. Ed Hahn scoring 213 in the first and bringing the team total up to 867.

The Lobsters, of the Atlantic Wheelmen, of Jersey City, N. J., having finished in first place in the Hackensack tournament, have issued a challenge to the regular League team for a series of games for \$100, the money to be posted in the hands of James Waylett.

The standing of the first three clubs in the Chicago, Ill., tournament is as follows: Woodlawn first, 18 wins, 9 defeats; Douglas second, 17 wins, 10 defeats; Vincennes third, 16 wins, 12 defeats. The Woodlawn have four members among the first ten in the race for individual honors.

One of the oldest female clubs in existence in this vicinity is called the Lady Elites, and they roll at Philip Kochler's alleys, corner of One Hundred and Fifty-second street and Melrose avenue, Melrose, every Thursday afternoon. This organization has been in existence nearly fifteen years.

In the Queen City tournament, Buffalo, N. Y., on the occasion of the last meeting between the Nipponites and Broadways on Morganhag's alleys, the last named team won the twenty-five game contest by a margin of 303 pins, the scores being 2,784; 2,481. Blake rolled the best total, 398.

The meeting of the Star and Hamburg teams in Harvey's ten-men tournament, Brooklyn, last week, attracted a large crowd. The first-named club had an easy task out for them, however, the other team furnishing but few occasions for their admirers to applaud. Scores—1,563 and 1,385.

At a meeting of the directors of the Southside League games in Chicago it was decided to record the strikes and spares made by bowlers in the tenth frame. The rule governing fouls was also changed. Hereafter a foul was called when the player touched the line, but now it is only called when he touches the alley beyond it.

The Second platoon of police of the Twentieth Precinct, Brooklyn, are arranging a tournament series open to all platoons of police in the city. The games will be rolled on the Apollo alleys, Gates and Knickerbocker avenues, and an appropriate trophy will be donated to the winners, emblematic of the championship of the force.

The fact that Folge was not asked to be one of the representatives of the New York team in the Interstate League has set that gentleman thinking, and the fact that he rolled twenty-three games with an average of 186 last year, when his average was only second to Nick Tyne, does not escape his memory. However, there are others.

The Bayonne Rowing Association team visited Elizabeth recently and rolled a strong game against the Athletic Club's representatives in the Amateur Association League series. The home team was too much for them, however, winning with the score of 1,764; the Bayonne boys totaled 1,681, the highest rolled by a visiting team this season on the Elizabeth alleys.

The eight teams contesting for the championship in the Insurance League, of Boston, Mass., are furnishing some highly interesting contests. The E. L. A. C. and Travelers' teams are tied for the leading honor, with six victories out of seven games played to their credit, while the J. C. Page and O'Brien and Russell teams follow, with four wins out of seven contests.

The match between the Chicago, Ill., and Buffalo, N. Y., teams, each to roll in its own city, the result of every game to be wired to the opposing club, will take place Feb. 17. Ed W. Smith has been asked to referee the games at the Chicago end. The series will be for a suitable emblem. A representative of the contesting team will be at the alleys the night of the contest.

The Woman's tournament, of New York, run under the auspices of the United Bowling Clubs, is proving a great success, which proves conclusively that women are as well adapted to play this fascinating game as men. Their instinct teaches them more quickly than some of the male sex the advisability of commencing with a small, lightweight ball and continuing until their muscles are strong enough to manipulate the regulation size.

The Atlantic Wheelmen defeated the Clio team on its own alley (Pythian Hall), Jersey City, N. J., last week, in both games rolled in the "Journal" series. This is the first time during the contest that the last-named club has lost two on the home alleys. As both organizations have been rivals since the Clios have been organized, the meeting brought crowds of admirers.

The fourteenth series of games in the Kansas City, Mo., tournament marks a change in the standing of the two leaders. The defeat of the Owls by the Missourians pulled them down from first place and making a tie between them and the Kansas Citys. Whitney practically retained his average and still retains the lead for individual honors, although Hacket closed up on him several points.

The contest between Oscar Hammer and Harry Schaffer last week on the Macabre tournament alleys, Flat street, Brooklyn, proved to be one of the most exciting matches on record in this vicinity. Five sets of games best two out of three, were rolled and from the start the game was interestingly close. Mr. Hammer came out victorious only after the last scheduled game was finished. Considerable money changed hands during the encounter.

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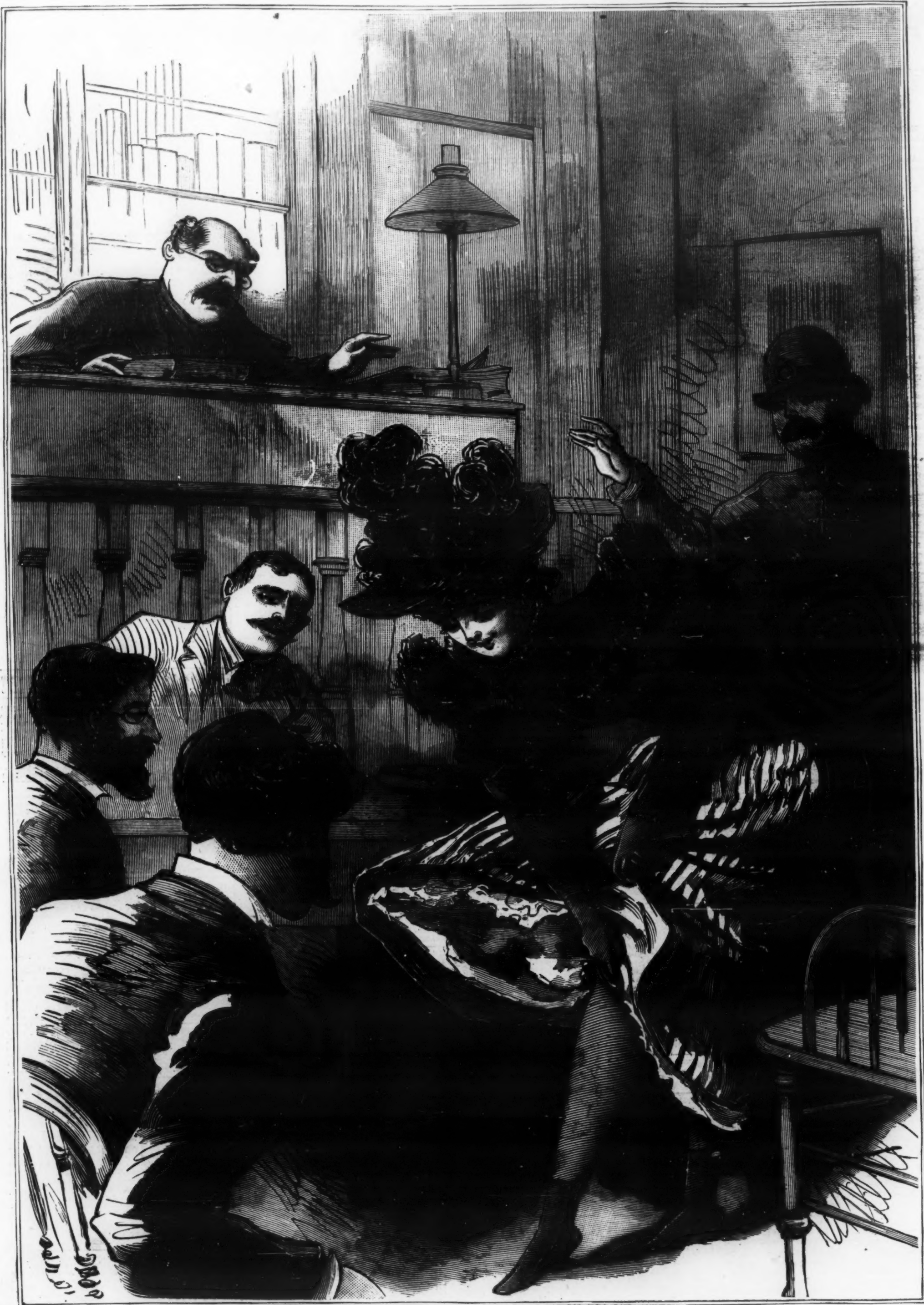
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